JULY 30 — AUGUST 5, 1977

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Eve's Weekly

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Before you give your baby *any* solid food, stop a moment to consider your baby's digestion. At 3 months, it is still tender. That's why your baby needs a specially prepared infant solid food—something he can digest easily.

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Glaxo

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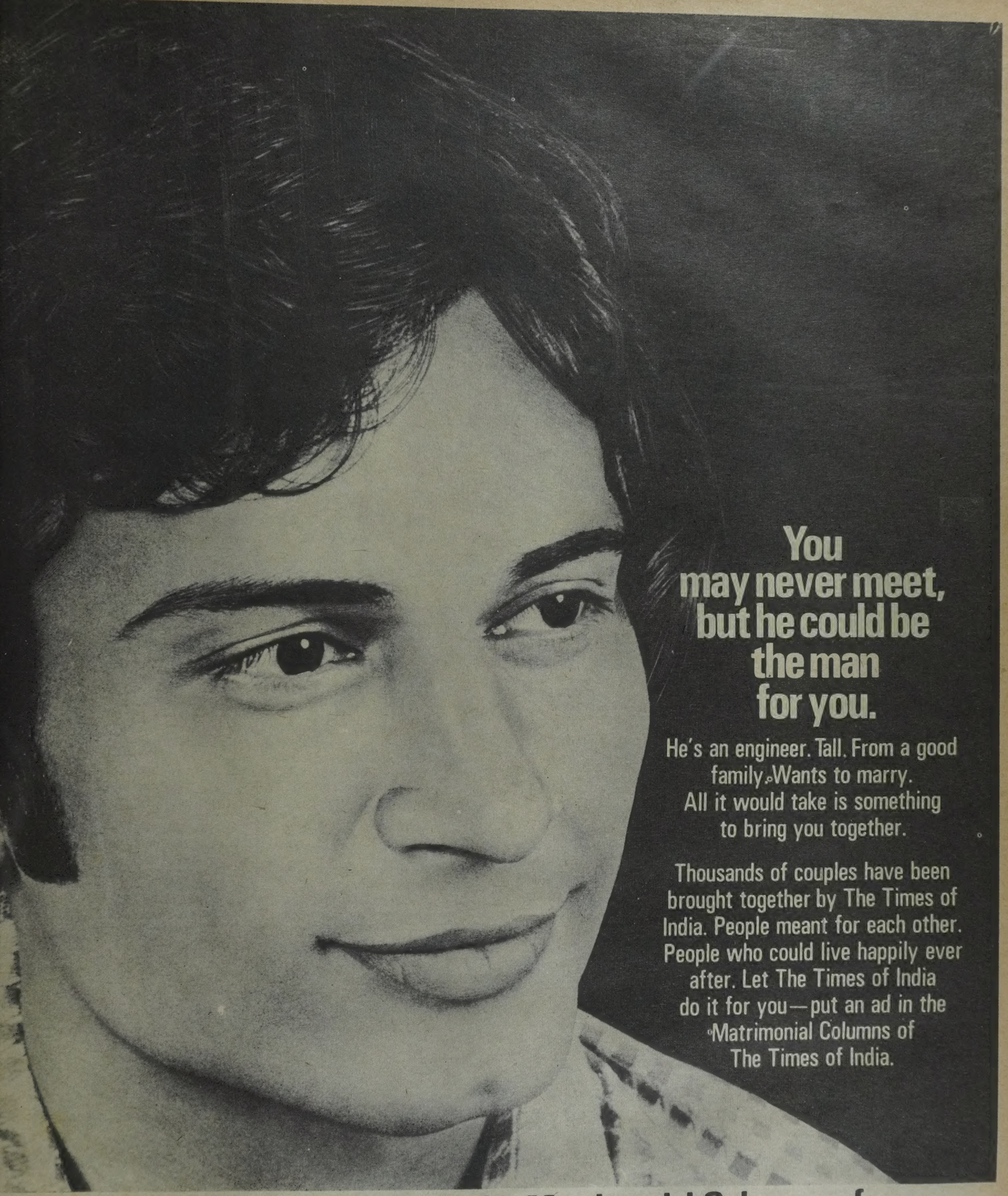
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SIMOES/TOI/17 A/77

Amul Cheese Sizzles for Nutritious Nibbles

Amul Cheese Wedges

1 well-beaten egg • ½ cup milk
1½ cups packaged crushed salty biscuit mix
1 cup grated Amul Cheese
2 tsp poppy seeds
2 tbsp melted butter

Combine egg and milk, add to biscuit mix and stir only till dry ingredients are just moistened. Add half the Cheese. Spread this dough in greased 21cms x 4 cms deep round baking dish. Sprinkle on remaining Cheese and poppy seeds, then melted butter over all. Bake (150°C)for about 20 minutes. Cut in wedges and serve hot.

Amul Cheese Kachauris

½—1 kg mashed potatoes
1 tbsp til, ground • 1½ tsp khus-khus
½ tbsp chironji nuts
A stick of cinnamon
1 tbsp lime juice
1 clove, powdered
1 tsp green chilli paste
1 tbsp sugar • Salt
Ginger, small piece finely chopped
Coriander leaves, chopped
Breadcrumbs • Oil to fry
3 tbsp grated coconut
200 gm Amul Cheese Powder

Knead all ingredients well—except Cheese. Divide dough into equal portions and form into large balls. Keep aside. Knead Cheese Powder, stuff into potato balls. Roll balls in breadcrumbs and fry till golden brown.

Amul Cheese Quick Pizza

4 buns or rolls
2 onions, sliced
4 button mushrooms, sliced
2 tomatoes, sliced
1 cup grated Amul Cheese
1 cup chicken, boiled and shredded
½ cup oil • 1 tsp salt • 1 tsp pepper
1 extra onion • 4 tbsp tomato sauce
1 clove garlic, chopped
2 tbsp mint leaves, chopped

Slice buns or rolls into halves. Keep tops aside. Brush surface of bottom halves with oil. Heat oil, fry onion, garlic mushrooms and chicken for four to five minutes and remove. Mix Cheese and tomato sauce. Place bread on a baking tray. Sprinkle salt and pepper on each piece. Spread chicken mixture evenly on top of each slice and cover with Cheese mixture. Garnish with onion rings and chopped mint leaves. Bake in an oven 95°C till Cheese mixture sets. Serve hot.

Amul Cheese and Egg Cakes

4 eggs • 45 gm flour
1 tbsp grated onion
90 gm diced Amul Cheese Chiplets
Salt • Pepper • Butter to fry

Beat eggs, add onion, flour and Cheese, season to taste with salt and pepper. Mix well. Taking a tablespoon of mixture at a time, fry in butter, turning to brown cakes on both sides. Serve at once.

Amul Cheese Stuffed Tomatoes

4 large tomatoes • 3 eggs
25 gm butter
4 tbsp grated Amul Cheese
Chopped parsley or coriander
Green chillies, chopped
Salt • Pepper

Cut a slice off top of tomatoes and scoop out pulp. Beat eggs and season with salt and pepper. Heat butter, add beaten eggs and almost all the grated Cheese. Scramble lightly. Add tomato pulp. Fill into tomato cases. Garnish with chopped parsley or coriander and chillies. Sprinkle with remaining grated Cheese. Place under grill or in oven till Cheese melts.

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NAAZ SHAH

Bubbly and articulate, Naaz finished her schooling from the Gloria Convent, Bombay, and won a few prizes in elocution and dramatics, while taking part in school plays. She did her Inter-Arts from the Sophia College, and B. A. in Psychology from the K. C. College, Bombay.

Attractive, with a lithe figure, she is very fashion conscious and does a lot of commercial modelling. An avid reader, Naaz enjoys books by Phillip Roth, Edgar Wallace, best sellers by modern authors and even comics! An outdoor girl, she likes to go driving on her own and "I like the way my teenage group are living and enjoying these days," she stresses vehemently. On the serious side, Naaz wants to do a course dealing with retarded and handicapped children, a job in an advertising agency, or one in an airline.

Photograph:
Anand Mahajan.

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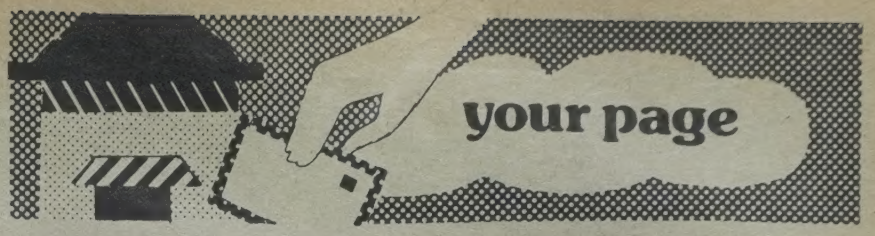


1st prize

THE NEED FOR RESPECT

I refer to Mrs. Srijaya Char's letter in your issue of July 2. There are some (or maybe many) women, who find the house sufficient to keep them busy, and there is nothing wrong with that. But does it keep them sufficiently happy, too? There are millions of things all working girls can do, were they all to stick to their homes and not work outside. But after a day of cooking (varieties included), cleaning, and all the other routine chores, coupled with the children's lessons, and a period of waiting for the husband to come home, will a woman feel satisfied? Will she have the 'job-satisfaction' which is so essential for a career girl? Or is there a gnawing sense of suppression? Mrs. Char expresses an element of doubt: she prefers to stay at home because she doubts whether she could do both things successfully. It is like not wanting to appear for an examination because one does not wish to risk a failure!

It was fine for our mothers and grandmothers to stay at home, because they did not have much option. We, today, with so many greater avenues open before us cannot ignore the urge to do something more than run our homes, rear our children and give our husbands company in their leisure hours.

With so many doors open to us, I think we should do our best; let us not belie the faith placed in our capacity to work. If we continue to pursue our many-sided activities, we shall fill the garden of our life with such beautiful flowers of experience as will sustain us in old age. Life shall unfold its varieties to us and we shall never get the feeling of becoming 'rusty' with advancing age. And the world shall respect us.

This is an appeal to all women — working wives as well as the non-working wives. Let us prove ourselves; we have it in us.

Thrity E. Bharucha, Bombay

Yes, we do have it in us; unfortunately, desires, capacities and talents are often stifled in the name of husband, home and family. We feel all women should think twice about this penchant for "turning out a variety of dishes" (is that all there is to life?) and "being around when hubby and children get home".

2nd prize

STINGING REMEDY

Reading about the widespread stoning of buses and boycotting of classes by irresponsible high school students in Kerala (in connection with the well-known "Rajan Case"), I fell to thinking about my own disciplined school days.

For nine years I studied in a boarding school run by Jesuit priests, who were sticklers for discipline. Misbehaviour was always viewed seriously and the offender was promptly dealt with. He would be given what was euphemistically known as "benders" — he would be made to bend over a chair with his pants down, and a Malacca cane would come swishing down on his seat a couple of times. Few who received such a caning ever dared to misbehave again, such was its efficacy. Thanks to this method of enforcing discipline, the school earned quite an enviable reputation for producing well-mannered, well-behaved and hard-working boys, the majority of whose academic results were invariably well above average.

Today, in the light of increasing student unrest, I strongly feel it's high time we reverted to this age-old (and only effective) method of eradicating indiscipline and developing character — namely, a good smack on the back, administered hard enough and low enough! Corporal punishment is the only remedy for indiscipline among our school students.

George N. Netto, Kerala

Discipline has deteriorated to unbelievable dimensions. We are not sure if today's young people can be "cured" with the rod. But, persuasion doesn't seem to work, so. . .

3rd prize

GIVING THE BOOT

Even in this day and age, there are husbands galore who feel that you, and other women's magazines like yours, are corrupting their wives. Not long ago a popular male movie star told your correspondent: "You're teaching the Indian women to give the boot to their men. . ." Many a husband nurses the same grouse and voices a similar sentiment.

They say you are putting ideas in women's heads and corrupting their (Indian) cotton-wool purity! The truth of the matter is that the very idea of a female awakening goes against the grain with most men. Women may be all-right as decorative pieces, utility gadgets — or even as earning partners — but anything beyond that, is simply frightening. It makes them insecure.

To an average Indian male (be he even modern outwardly) equality is a four letter word. Regardless of what you may say, irrespective of what you publish, you will be held guilty — guilty of siding with the women.

You see, your boost for the woman is automatically the boot for the male!

Kamlesh Vaid, Nasik

No, we are not corrupting wives; we are only jogging their dormant individuality. If in the process, the males are disturbed, well, that's all to the good!

ROUSE ALL ROHINIS!

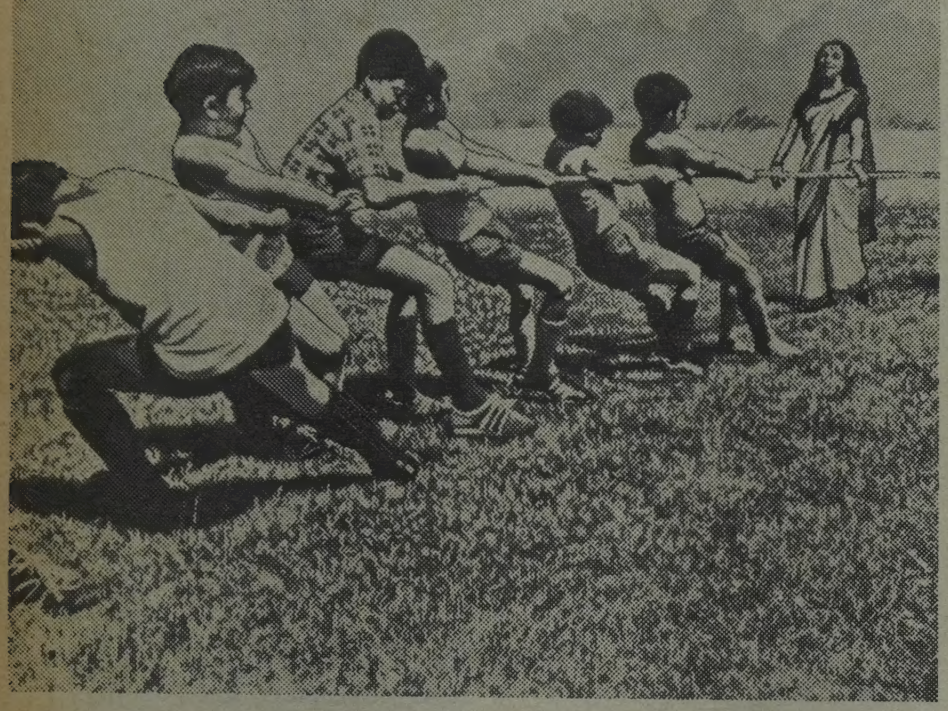
Kudos to all those who have stoutly stood by Rohini Khadilkar. However, unless some drastic steps are taken to remedy the situation one more rising star may fade from the hazy horizon of Indian sports. While we exonerate our debacles in international sports with the feeble plea that our standards do not level with other countries, we tend to forget that the available budding talent is snuffed out. We have come across caste, creed and regional differences, and now one more irritant has been added — discrimination on the basis of sex.

Let us hope Rohini's case snowballs into a shuddering tremor, enough to shake all those officials and bureaucrats responsible for these scandalous bunglings.

Ninette Mascarenhas, Bombay

Certainly, let's shake 'em up. We've got to fight this kind of discrimination, no matter how long it takes to get results.

TOUGH SITUATIONS REQUIRE A TEAM SPIRIT



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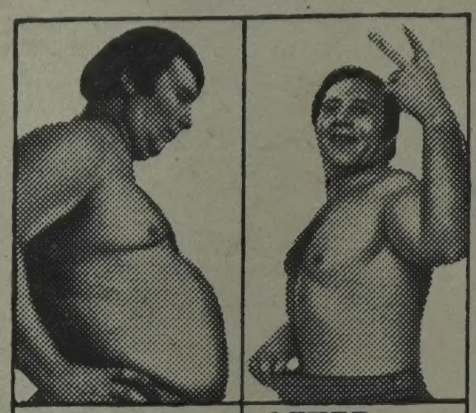

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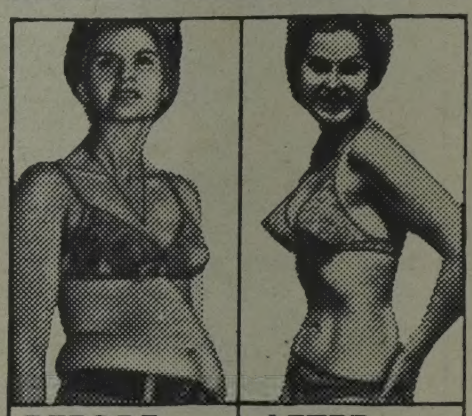

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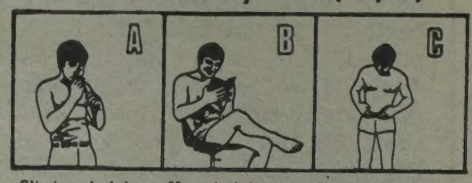

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PEARL AND PILOO: from STAGE to SCREEN

Pearl Padamsee is a household name in the world of theatre and Piloo Wadia too has a distinguished record on the stage, and now the screen has welcomed them

N. Bharathi

It's just like her to attempt what seems an impossible task. Anybody who has read "The Idiot" will agree that it isn't exactly child's play to stage it for the English theatre in Bombay. But that's precisely what Mrs. Pearl Padamsee is up to and the play will be staged in August.

The name Pearl Padamsee is a familiar one to theatre lovers and even to those casually interested in it. The name belongs to a short woman who packs into her small body, an inexhaustible amount of energy. Serious about her commitments, Pearl does things in her own way — by projecting vitality and a vivaciousness quite rare in a school teacher. Yes, that is what Pearl is basically.

It all started a long time back when her school going daughter suddenly died. Pearl just couldn't get over it. A kind nun from St. Joseph's Convent, Colaba, Bombay, helped out Pearl by suggesting that she should snap out of her morose state and put her training to good use. Pearl had undergone training in teaching dramatics during her stay in London with ex-husband Alyque Padamsee, another famous theatre personality.

"I started on a salary of forty rupees per month," Pearl smiled. Apparently, the nun had put her in charge of teaching dramatics to four school children, each of whom paid ten rupees a month. Pearl should be (and is) grateful for the break that came at the right moment. She is today the most sought after dramatics teacher in Bombay city with several school children under her wing. . . an occupation she loves so much that she can never give it up under any circumstances.

Her teaching stint at the school level keeps Pearl mentally alive. For a stray example, one school principal has asked Pearl to make sure that all the school plays staged this year should deal with social awareness. This has sent Pearl into a dizzy state trying to read up or write afresh plays with an accent on social awareness. Again, the principal has sanctioned only a hundred rupees per play which calls for novel ideas and a lot of innovation.

The Sultan Padamsee Award For Playwriting, organised by the Theatre Group, Bombay, is currently taking up a lot of Pearl's time. This award encourages young people who want to try their hand at amateur play writing. With prize money of 3,000 rupees for one-act plays and 5,000 for full-length ones and with August 31 as the closing date, Pearl's Colaba flat has turned into an office which receives the entries for scrutinisation by the judges.

Pearl's stage plays have become famous. With a beginning in "Exit The King" (1964), Pearl has continuously directed plays for the theatre dabbling in a variety ranging from serious ones like "Equus" to light hearted musicals like "Godspell".

From the theatre to films was a natural jump for Pearl. . .not that she did it consciously. The Children's Film Society is filming her "Hungama Bombay Ishtyle" which had a successful run as a play. Pearl also acted in "Jaadu Ka Shankh," again for the same Society.

As far as the film world goes, her biggest break came when famous director Basu Chatterjee spotted her in "Habeas Corpus" on the stage and decided to cast her in "Khatta Meetha" opposite Ashok Kumar.

You can see by the twinkle in her eyes that she enjoyed every bit of her work. . . naturally, with super people like Basu and Ashok Kumar who she found were totally dedicated and possess the special virtue of putting people like her at ease. Her future in Hindi films will be decided by the fate of "Khatta Meetha".

The film brings to mind another theatre person who has successfully strayed into Hindi films — that lovable Parsee lady in "Bobby", Mrs. Piloo Wadia. She not only acts in "Khatta Meetha" but also helps the director behind the scenes in establishing the right Parsee atmosphere throughout the film.

For Piloo, "Bobby" was the best beginning she could ever hope for. A generously proportioned lady, she speaks with the inimitable Parsee style of saying 'tree' for 'three' or 'gur' for 'gud'! A natural for the "Bobby" role, it was no surprise that at the Delhi premiere of the film many years ago, she stood side by side with the rest of the cast and walked away with the maximum applause. "They threw their hankies, flowers and money at me in appreciation. I was so overwhelmed that my knees were shaking," she recalls.

Piloo's flirtation with films should have begun earlier than it did. Way back in her college days she was offered a role. But her mother objected. An offer came after her marriage, but her mother still opposed the idea. . . This went on till Raj Kapoor went to her in 1971 and offered her "Bobby".

What started as a small role "(just two or three days' work") went on lengthening into a role which demanded more than 11 days. In fact, Piloo was in mourning (her husband died suddenly in '71) when Raj Kapoor rang her up. She had to snap out of it and finish her work in the film and she's glad that she did just that.

Piloo was a hit in "Bobby" and she signed up more than 20 films after that including "Ginny aur Johny" and "Aap Beati". She finds acting in films quite effortless since you don't have to mug up pages and pages of dialogues and there's little voice control to bother about. Naturally after her 25-year affair with the theatre world she finds the going in films easier.

25 years is a long time and in that period Piloo has packed a lot of experience in broadcasting, acting on stage and bagging awards from various international organisations in drama competitions. She has also dabbled in direction, beginning with a one-act play and going on to a three-act play. The three-act play was a real experience considering she produced and directed it, with 20 women in the cast. She herself played Sylvia the bitch in it. An active participant of the Gujerati theatre also, Piloo quit it when her husband had a heart attack in '65.

In Hindi films, Piloo has already become quite famous, though she entered the line when she was 47 years old! She doesn't always play a Parsee in films, she pointed out. In "Ladies' Tailor" she has a proper role opposite Sanjeev Kumar — and she doesn't play a Parsee lady in it. Piloo agrees that film makers have a way of making Parsees look like eccentric fools and pass it off as comedy. "I try to make sure that when I take on a role it's a proper character and not something that just makes fun of the Parsee community," she said.

JAPANESE WOMEN guardians of tradition?

Bharati Chatterji

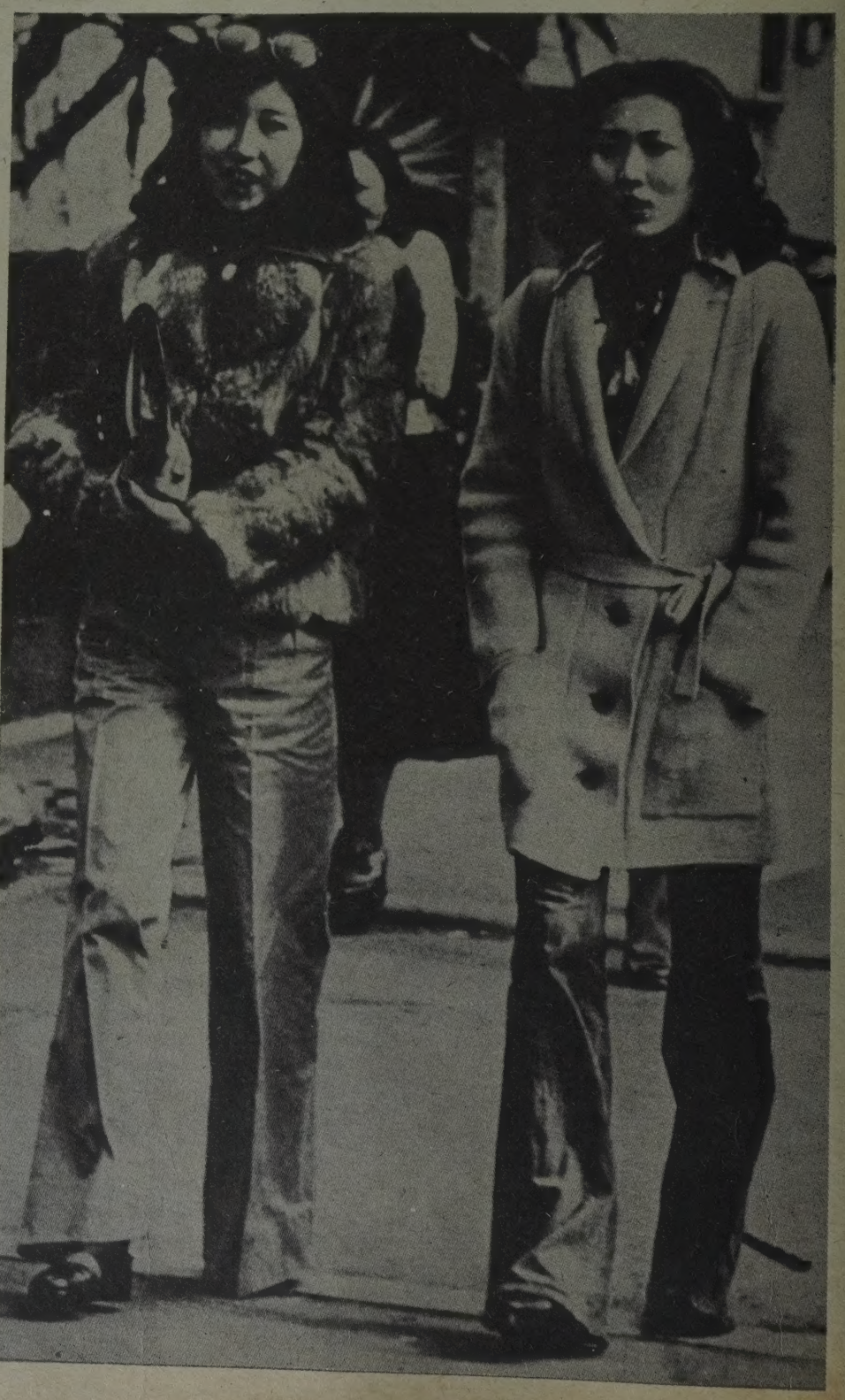
Although Japan is counted among the most advanced nations, the status of women continues to be the same as it was in the feudal ages. They dress in the chic, slick styles of the West, but at home they are docile, self-effacing wives

It is the year 1868. The dawn of the Meiji era in the tiny island nation of Japan. For close to three hundred years the country was hermetically sealed against any foreign influence. Ruled frenetically by the warrior clan, the only cultured class comprising seven per cent of the entire population, Japan gradually developed the sickness that a closed society must. Inevitably, a strong emperor emerged, and with the stalwart support of the wealthy merchant class regained control over a divided, tired and bankrupt land.

One of the first Imperial acts was to throw open every door and corridor of the nation to the fresh winds of the East and West. In particular, the West. Like the proverbial convert, the nation welcomed this new development with fanatic zeal. Men appeared in public transformed from their exotically "hakata" clad selves self-consciously and rather ridiculously draped in the height of London fashion. And the women traipsed the paved streets in western dresses. Young men went abroad to learn of the wonders of modern science and technology. Young women stayed at home to mind the children and care for aged parents. The young men returned to install their newly found knowledge, built railways and ships. Fired by visions of glory, the women sat back to ease and comfort their men in the pain that accompanies achievement.

Whereas the emancipation of Japan began a hundred years ago, whereas Japan shook off its shackles of feudalism and the dark ages, the women of Japan remained precisely where they were, retiring in the background, encouraging their men to go forth and explore. The dynamics of change created the superstructure of a powerful, military nation which flexed its newly found muscles at the world, taking ancient, somnolent China by surprise, foraging into Siberia, conquering Korea for vitally needed natural resources. The superstructure grew, but what strengthened it was the deep foundation of a unique, homogenous tradition, insular at its worst but tremendously enduring. The hub at the centre of the wheel.

With the firm establishment of military power came ambition and the desire to build an empire. In an audacious bid, a group of valiant young men known euphemistically as "kamikaze" (Wind Gods), better known as the suicide squad, bombed Pearl Harbour. The Second World War was



brought to its terrifying end by the retaliatory U. S. act of dropping atom bombs on Nagasaki and Hiroshima. With that the entire Japanese war machinery, with its accompanying industries, was demolished.

Running right through the volatile history which spanned three quarters of a century, was the invisible thread of basic Japanese tradition silently guarded by mothers and wives.

This is a story of the Japanese woman. And yet the woman has not come forth to claim her rights. Perhaps the entire history of Japan would have been different had it not been for Nobuko Saito — (you may change that name to any one of your choice), daughter, sister, wife, mother, grandmother—working on a farm or living in a tiny flatlet in the city, empress or homemaker, clerk in a trading house of international fame or apple picker in the orchards. She is faceless, anonymous, so absolutely passive that she seems unreal.

It is said that in the Japanese home the husband comes first, the boy child next, followed in order by the girl child, the family dog and the wife! The hierarchy is unshakable, unbeaten by any nation for its stability. Each individual's role is clearly defined within the framework of society, every individual is subordinate to the group he belongs in, beginning with the family and ending in the nation.

A prescribed code of conduct rules every form of human relationship; so much so that to a foreigner the first and most lasting impression is that of a marked lack of spontaneity and warmth. It is disconcerting to hear a Japanese mother address her year-old infant son with the most polite honorofics, in the most formal language.

Over the years of my stay in Japan, I have wondered and tried to penetrate the apparently impregnable veneer of politeness with which the Japanese face the world. As a woman I wondered most what women really felt about their place in society, their subservient role, their passivity. Did they feel even a minor jolt, did it even strike a small chord within them to read about their sisters elsewhere fighting in their own way to break out of the ancient stereotype roles that women have played?

The utter lack of interest shook me instead. The only ve-

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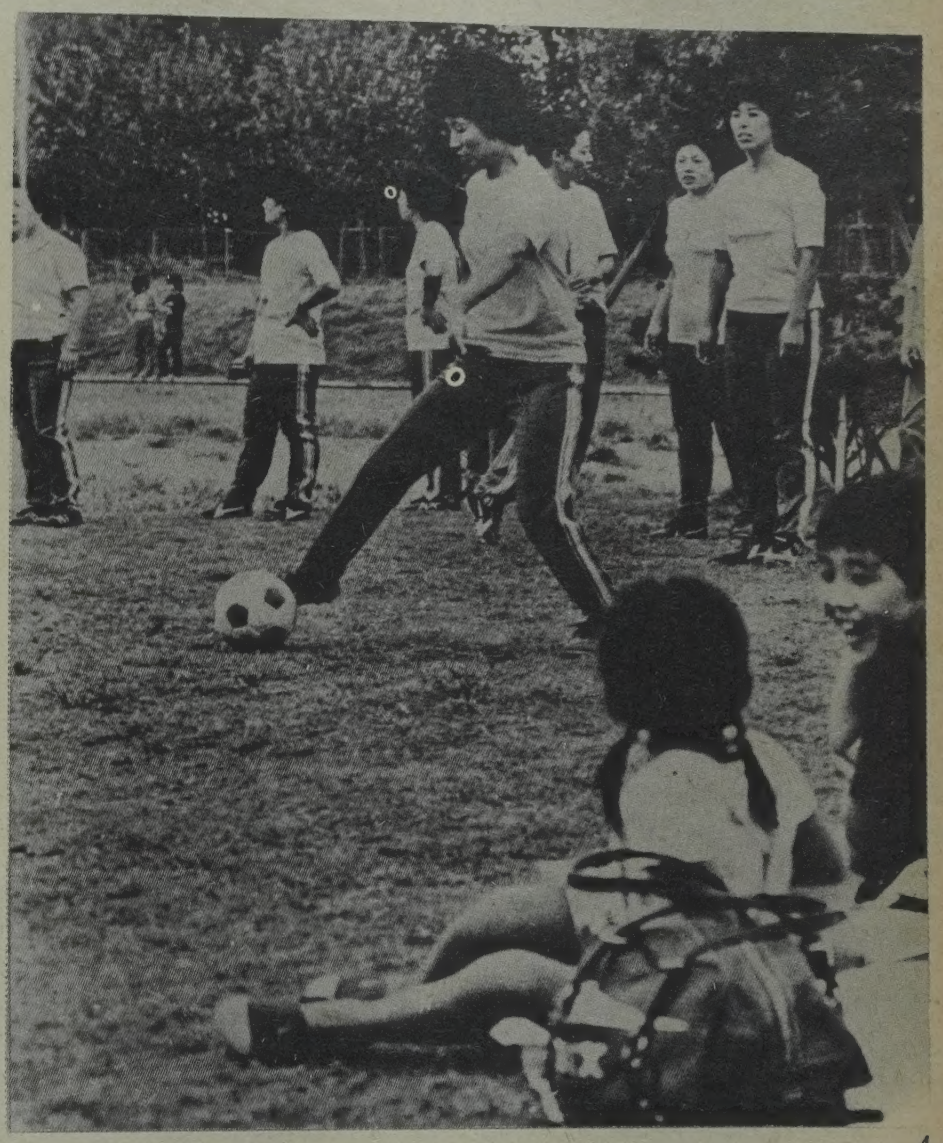


4

5

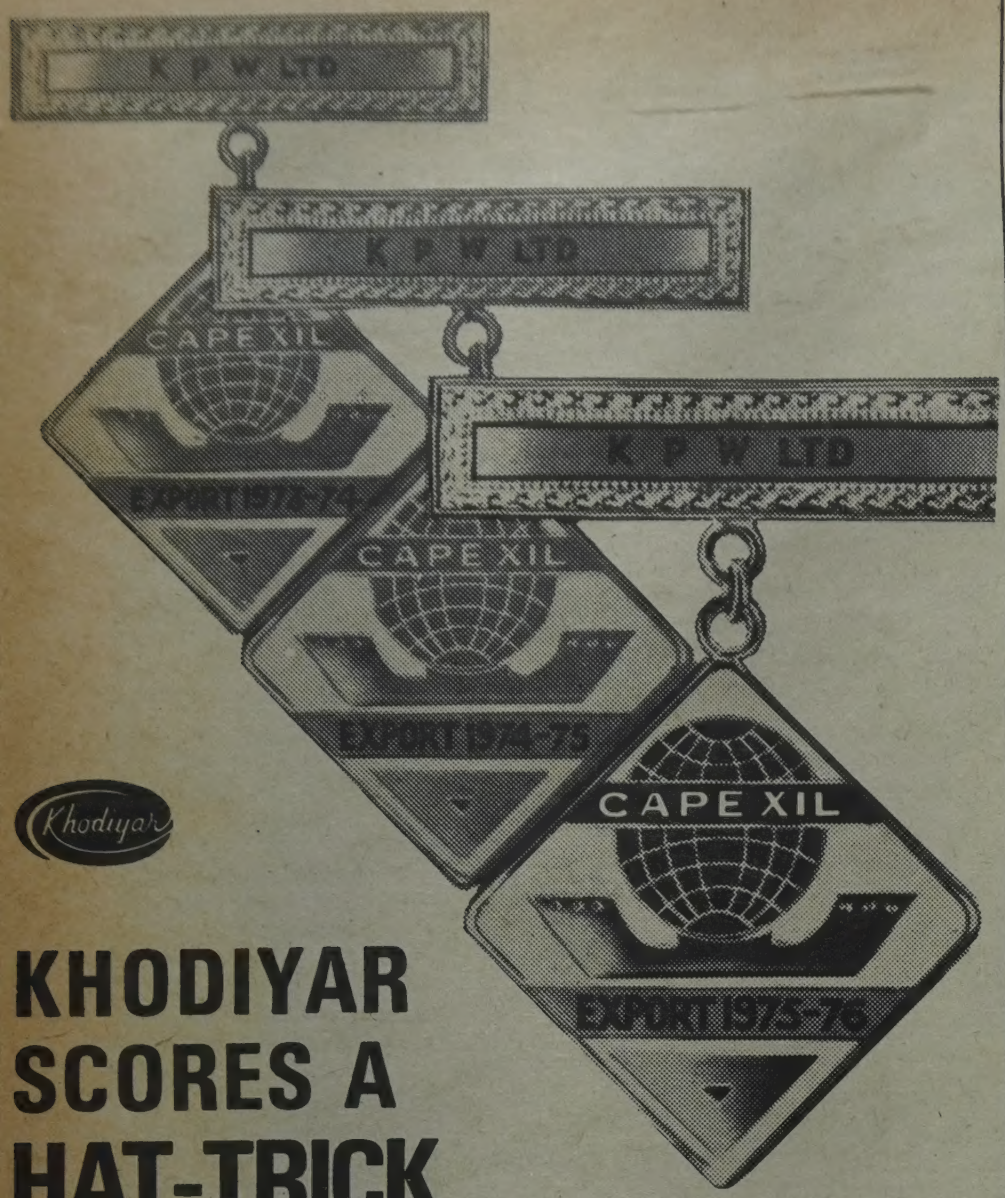
I. A bevy of very modern misses at a telephone centre in Tokyo.

2. They dress in clothes as fashionable as any found in Western cities.

3. An unfamiliar sight—a female caddy.

4. Soccer is popular with Japanese women now. An all-mother team is seen at practice.

5. Japanese women playing "Hakayu nin ishyu," a game with poems.



Khodiyar

KHODIYAR SCORES A HAT-TRICK

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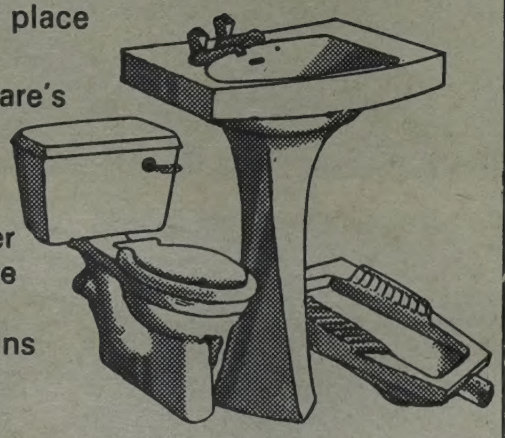

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Vital facts about Colds and Flu and how to fight these ailments

"I find Anacin of great help", says Nurse Angela Fernandes.

Nurse Angela Fernandes finds Anacin strong enough to give quick relief from the aches and pains of colds and flu.

What causes colds and flu?

Air-borne viruses from infected persons spread colds and flu. Normally, the body resists these viruses. But over-exertion or under-nourishment weakens the body and lowers resistance to infection.

What are the symptoms?

Bodyache, heaviness in the head, sneezin and a runny nose. Flu is often accon panied by shivering, discomfort and swea ing. Cough, sore throat, loss of appeti and fatigue may follow.

Can it lead to complications?

Neglected cases may lead to pneumoni and infection of the upper respirator tract.

How does Anacin help?

Anacin relieves the misery of colds an flu. Anacin is strong—it contains more the pain-reliever doctors most recommen all over the world. Anacin is trusted b millions. It is a combination of medicine like a doctor's trusted prescription. So a the first signs of cold or flu take Anaci four times a day.

What else should you do?

- Drink plenty of fluids, boiled wate orange or lemon juice
- Eat nourishing foods
- Rest adequately
- Gargle with antiseptic or salt water
- Keep rooms properly ventilated

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JAPANESE WOMEN

guardians of tradition?

hemence I came across was from a serious young girl, a university student competing at a speech contest where I was among the panel of judges. She spoke out against the crippling influence of the West and ended with a prayer that she may be able to live a life similar to her grandmother's. Personal opinions aside, I could not but admire her. In time, perhaps I may even be able to understand.

An outsider is often inclined to be carried away by what appears to be a tremendously vital youthful generation. It is rare to come across a bedraggled young Japanese girl. Even in the most casual of fashions, clad in frayed jeans, sneakers and shirt, there is a studied, artful air. Young girls generally are well dressed, inclined somewhat to an excess of cosmetic beauty, whilst the wealthier ones spend a fortune to drape themselves in custom tailored outfits from such famous names in fashion as Dior, St. Laurent, Pucci and the local Hanae Mori. Tokyo, I am told, is second only to Paris in haute couture. There however the similarity ends. And one is back to square one.

Is it at all possible that an entire population is governed by a single psyche? Can it be that generation after generation an unadulterated drop from the placid sea of this psyche has reached each newborn infant, cloaked it with an invincibility, an armour against the confusing and often destructive, changing values outside?

It would certainly seem so.

Take for instance a young girl I know, Akimi Ibata. Pretty, educated, widely travelled, with an above average grasp of the English language, sparkling with vivacity and intelligence. She has lived in America for a year, (a common feature in the education of the youth today), she has even lived for a few weeks in an Israeli kibbutz (collective farm), travelled extensively across Europe, has numerous friends of either sex in various age groups and is well read. Akimi, in whom I thought I saw the spark of a distinct personality, let me down with a bang.

All of a sudden, it was time for her to marry! Her husband is an enlightened young man by Japanese standards. But today Akimi is no longer Akimi, she has joined forces with Nobuko Saito. A young wife and mother who stays at home, who has no access to her husband's time, whose today is a repetition of yesterday. She accepts it calmly and one is tempted to add, inevitably.

In four years when her first child is ready to enter primary school all her energy will be directed towards him, she will be the prime moving force behind his development. She will nag him, schedule his every waking hour, fuss over him, live through him. All future plans whether it be a change of address or a vacation will be planned round

this boy-child. And beyond the superficial relationship of providing bed and board, the husband will have no real part in her life. An unwritten code demands that his monthly paycheck be handed over to her unopened, from which she will dole out his pocket expenses. The reverse of it being that she may have no part in his life.

He is under no obligation to explain how he has been spending his time away from home and his wife is not expected to take part in his social life. It would be the most shocking digression from custom if a man were to appear at a social gathering (other than family affairs) with his wife. Professional hostesses provide the necessary feminine presence (at a staggering price).

It is a common myth that Japanese men have mistresses or geisha stashed away for their extracurricular pleasure. To begin with, geishas as an institution are dying out, they were primarily trained as professional entertainers, and were perhaps the only women in Japan who were allowed to flower into total personalities. A true blue geisha would be intelligent, a brilliant conversationalist, an accomplished singer, dancer and very often poet and painter. She may lose her heart to a man, but never her independence.

The modern version of the geisha is a sad degeneration and any girl with a pretty face may qualify — professional hostesses starting from the more exclusive kind to those who tend bars, a terribly poor imitation of their brilliant sisters. They giggle, nod blankly at whatever conversation the men may indulge in, pour out the drinks, their only discernible function being that of pleasing the eye. Some of these women earn a fortune, live in style and comfort but surprisingly, give up their lifestyle and enter into either a common law marriage or even a social marriage as soon as they are able to. A geisha on the other hand knows that her worth increases with age and maturity.

The only other women I know of who are independent in a most fierce way, are the pearl divers (Ama). They are an institution by themselves. A man who has the good fortune to marry a pearl diver is assured of a secure, happy and carefree life. She takes enormous pride in her profession, which by its nature, demands extraordinary physical fitness and endurance and in return bestows upon these splendid women a rare gift of spirit. Unlike the geisha, these women win their daily bowl of rice and economic independence by a hazardous use of physical skill and mental discipline.

Women at work on cultured pearls.

A small legion of women has recently emerged, declaring themselves members of the Feminist Movement. It would be unwise to comment on their present activities or their future impact. In a society where neither the woman nor the man is "individual" oriented, a movement which is based on the western "personality" cult cannot but be stillborn. Nevertheless, one cannot, negate the intrinsic value of the movement, because like any other movement, it involves awareness and a desire for change.

Between the years 1868 and 1977, Japan has undergone enormous changes in its economic structure. There has been a particular upheaval during the War years which has left its permanent mark on the foundations of their way of life. The economics of a nation necessarily wields enormous power over the people's outlook and general philosophy. Post-war Japan rushed headlong into building what has become today a technological superpower. The pace has been too fast, leaving in its wake a certain degree of confusion, upholding the new values of plastic, chrome and computers before a people who even today worship the beauty of the short-lived cherry blossom.

It is true that the Japanese have woken up to the horrendous rape of their environment and are taking very positive steps towards halting the ecological imbalances created by industry. Tokyo, for instance, contains more greenery than all our large cities put together and there is a concerted drive towards a cleaner environment. But the wheels of progress are relentless, there can be no halting, although there can and must be a less frenzied pace.

The invincibility of the Japanese psyche no longer holds quite true, there is a distinct chink in the armour. The shiny new god which is ruling the land today will exact its price and the Japanese may have to pay dearly. I cannot for the life of me see the advantage in being the world's single, largest producer of ships and its poorest contributor of poets.

It is once again in Nobuko Saito that Japanese destiny may rest. It will be a cruel and crucial choice between anonymity to preserve something of proven worth and being an active partner in building an uncertain tomorrow. The choice has to be made and in its making either preserve or destroy the Japan we know today. At this point in time, the balance lies in favour of Nobuko Saito, and the same way that I cry for the dying blue whale if only because it is fighting a losing battle, I shall cry for her.

"Hey, Fatty! Where're you going?" His seven-year-old sister Anu's words hit Rahul like red-hot lava. She had called out to him when he was about to cross the gate. Standing in the balcony of the first floor, she felt safe to take liberties with him.

Rahul was hurt, terribly hurt. He knew that Anu was having it out with him because of their earlier quarrel. It had started like this. Rahul was reading a Comic. As he was feeling thirsty, he left the book open and went in to have a glass of water. When he returned, he found Anu comfortably sitting on the sofa and leafing through the book.

"Hey, I was reading that book, give it to me," Rahul ordered.

"Just five minutes," Anu said, "I'll see the pictures and. . ." Before she could finish her sentence, he snatched away the book from her.

Anu made faces at him and ran away. At that time she couldn't do anything else for fear of retaliation. She was waiting for an opportunity and so when she felt safe she called him "Fatty."

Rahul gritted his teeth and muttered to himself, "You silly goose, I'll teach you a lesson for calling me names." He didn't want to go straight after her as that would have meant chasing her and Rahul was dead set against any strenuous effort on his part. So he hit upon a ruse. He put his hand into his pocket and withdrew it quickly. He then pretended to have left something behind and slowly walked towards the house. Anu didn't suspect that he was coming for her.

Rahul puffed and panted as he hurriedly but silently climbed the stairs. Anu was blissfully ignorant of the fat figure stealthily approaching her from her rear. With a quick thrust of his hand, Rahul caught hold of her pigtail and pulled it viciously. At the same time, he rasped at her, "This will teach you not to call me names."

Anu's hand involuntarily went to her hair as she wailed, "Ayyo, ayyo, amma. . ."

"Rahul, leave her hair!"

His mother's stentorian order made him shudder and he unconsciously let go Anu's pigtail. She immediately took shelter behind her mother and shrieked, "Amma, hit him. . . beat him. He pulled my pigtail!" She then started bawling at the top of her voice to gain her mother's sympathy.

"Rahul, how many times have I warned you not to touch her?"

"But. . . but . . . she called me. . . she called me. . ." He felt reluctant to utter what was to him a very obnoxious word.

"Well, what did she call you?"

"F-f-fatty." He shrank as he uttered the repugnant word.

"But that's no excuse for pulling her hair. You should feel ashamed to touch a girl."

"You always side with her," Rahul whimpered. "You're very partial because she's your pet."

"I wouldn't have objected if you had called her names. But you shouldn't touch her."

"I will," he said defiantly. "Why should she call me . . . er . . . names? A sound thrashing is what she understands."

"Rahul, I warn you. The next time you touch her, I will beat the hide out of you and melt all your fat."

Rahul winced and blinked at his mother's threat. And the mention of the abominable word "fat" worsened his discomfiture. But there was nothing he could do except cringe, for he knew that his strict mother meant what she said.

Twelve-year-old Rahul was at that awkward age which didn't invoke in others the sympathy due to a child or command the respect due to an adult. He was neither here nor there. And being fat — he was very fat indeed, weighing 60 kilos for his height of 4'7" — added to his misery. He felt that no one, except his grandfather, had any sympathy for him. His mother, according to his assessment, had been very unkind to him ever since Anu was born. And it didn't improve matters when he started outgrowing his clothes every six months. "At this rate," his mother had once warned him unsympathetically, or so he thought, "we can't afford to buy any clothes for you. Unless you start reducing, I'm afraid you'll have to roam about in a chaddi." Rahul had shuddered at the very thought of parading himself in a chaddi. Fortunately for him, she didn't carry out her threat.

But she did put him on a reducing diet which consisted of nothing more than two idlis for breakfast, a little rice for lunch and two chappathis for dinner — and no sweets, no butter, no ghee, all of which he dearly loved. His ravenous stomach rebelled against what he considered as enforced starvation. One day when the curry was exceptionally tasty, Rahul had pinched an extra chappathi when his mother was not looking. The third chappathi led to the fourth and then the fifth. In his anxiety in watching his mother, he had completely forgotten the presence of Anu who had been spying on him. Suddenly she raised the alarm: "Amma, look! He has gobbled down five chappathis!"

"It's only for his own good I'm telling him to eat less," his mother had remarked with exasperation. "But if he himself is not interested. . . well, I couldn't care less." With that she had washed her hands of the whole affair and Rahul continued to eat and eat and grew fatter and fatter.

Rahul's father never seemed to take much interest in him except when signing his progress report. On such occasions he would dismiss Rahul with the sarcastic comment: "If only you will take as much interest in your studies as you do in your food. . ."

He was having a very bad time in his school. He was the target of attack for all the boys and the athletic-looking Diwakar was the worst of the lot. He seemed to take a sadistic pleasure in baiting Rahul by often shouting at him from a safe distance: "Hi Fatso! It's great fun to see you roll like a barrel!" He would then run away and Rahul was no match for him in the catching game.

If a boy loves food and hates exercise, he has to expect some ribald comments, and even his sister may occasionally, when she is angry with him, refer to him as "fatso."

C. Raghunathan

One day, when Rahul had failed to answer a question, his teacher pulled him up by saying: "You fat fellow, why don't you study properly?" At that remark, the whole class was convulsed in uproarious laughter. For a week or so after that event, he was mercilessly ragged by his classmates who took no little pleasure in imitating their teacher and bawling at him: "You fat fellow, why don't you study properly?" God only knew what mental agonies he suffered in solitude.

But what hurt him most was that his own little sister should treat him with contempt. Anu

solid flesh

was the darling of the house. She was fair, chubby, with charming large, liquid eyes that captivated everyone. Rahul also would have doted on her if only she had been kind to him and didn't get him into trouble with his mother.

Rahul's only consolation was his grandfather who was very kind, considerate and loving. He lived alone in a bungalow with servants, a car, and other comforts. Though past sixty, he did not look his age. When Rahul's grandmother died a year before, his mother invited his grandfather to stay with them. But the old gentleman preferred not to lose his independence.

Their grandfather had promised to take Rahul and Anu to the Marina beach that evening. If it had been any other day, Rahul would have eagerly looked forward to the trip to the beach. But, after that quarrel with Anu and what he considered as his mother's unjust reprimand, he was feeling very depressed.

Their grandfather came as promised and took them to the beach. Though Anu seemed to have completely forgotten the morning's incident, it was still rankling in Rahul's mind. So, when she asked him to help her build a sand-castle, he bluntly refused to oblige her.

"Why Rahul," his grandfather asked him, "why don't you play with Anu? You look very moody today. Aren't you feeling all right?"

"Oh, nothing," Rahul replied evasively. "I just don't feel like playing today. . . that's all."

His grandfather decided not to pursue the matter further.

On their way back from the beach, their grandfather stopped the car near an ice-cream shop. The prospect of licking the soft scented cone seemed to bring some cheer to Rahul. But Anu was ready to foul his mood. She was hurt by his refusal to play with her and was waiting for an opportunity to hit back. While they were crossing the pavement towards the ice-cream centre, Anu looked at her grandfather and said, "Thatha, don't buy any ice-cream for Rahul. He's already very very fat and the ice-cream will make him fatter and fatter and he'll burst like a balloon."

Her words struck the already depressed Rahul with overwhelming force. With a pathetic look on his face, he told his grandfather, "Thatha, don't buy any ice-cream for me. I don't want it." He could no longer contain his pent up emotions — they erupted like a volcano and he burst into convulsive sobs. His grandfather was perplexed by the hostility between the children. He put an affectionate hand on Rahul's shoulder and tried to pacify him: "Rahul, you shouldn't take it so seriously. Now, be a good boy and stop crying." His grandfather's sympathy only helped to make his weeping rise to a crescendo.

"Rahul," his grandfather tried again, "look. People are watching you. What will they think of you?"

Rahul felt ashamed. He ran to the car, got into it, and continued to sob.

Anu was shocked. She just wanted to tease Rahul and had not bargained for his violent reaction. She stood still, wide-eyed and perplexed by the sudden turn of events. And her grandfather's accusing look added to her discomfiture. Her grandfather led her to the car. She felt guilty when she saw Rahul's cheeks bathed in tears.

"Rahul," his grandfather called him, "you just stay here. I'll bring the ice-cream for you."

"No. I don't want any ice-cream," Rahul burst out. And pointing an accusing finger at Anu, he cried, "Give my ice-cream also to her. Let her eat to her heart's content. That's why she didn't want me to have any ice-cream."

His accusation made Anu feel miserable. Their grandfather decided to allow the matter to rest there and took Anu to the ice-cream shop.

"Thatha," Anu called, "aren't you buying any ice-cream for Rahul?"

"No," he replied, "he doesn't want it."

After a moment's hesitation she again asked, "Thatha, shall I take the ice-cream to Rahul?"

"Why? do you think he'll accept it from you?"

"I'll just try."

"Well, you may. . ."

Anu took a cone of ice-cream to the car. She pushed her tiny hand through the window and held out the tempting dish before Rahul's mouth.

"Rahul, please take it. . ." she pleaded in a soft, sincere voice. "I'm so sorry for what happened. . . I never thought you would be hurt so much. . ."

Rahul's mouth watered at the sight of the velvet-smooth, light-green pista ice-cream. Its sweet flavour added to his temptation. Yet he cried out, "Go away. . . I don't want it. . . Take it away."

"Rahul. . . please . . ." Anu begged, "I also won't take it if you won't. . . Please have it. . ." She then brought the ice-cream very close to his lips.

Rahul could no longer resist the temptation. While his mouth was saying, "No, no," his hand clasped the ice-cream cone.

Their grandfather dropped them at their home and went away. As he was still feeling depressed, Rahul went to the verandah to brood over the day's events. He felt relieved that his sister had not told his mother about the weeping incident.

The more Rahul pondered over his problems, the more he was convinced that he and he alone could solve them. All the mental suffering he was undergoing gave him a rare determination to make a sincere effort to reduce his weight.

Meanwhile Anu too was feeling uneasy. She was worried that Rahul would complain against her to their mother. She wondered whether she could dissuade him from telling on her, and so she went in search of him. She found him sitting alone in a corner of the verandah, wrapped up in a moody silence.

"Rahul," she asked, "are you going to tell mother about what happened near the ice-cream shop?"

"Why?" Rahul asked guardedly.

"Because. . . because if you tell her, mother will be angry with me. I was responsible for the whole thing. . . So, please don't tell her." She was almost begging!

Rahul was pleasantly surprised. While he had been worrying all the time whether she would inform their mother about it, here was Anu, begging him not to tell her. And when he looked at Anu's soft moist eyes, something in him started melting.

"Well", he replied, "if you won't I also won't."

Anu felt relieved. "Thank you Rahul," she said and added, "In future I won't tease you. . . I won't call you names. . ."

Her repentant and friendly attitude mellowed him further. He felt that he should also rise to the occasion.

"It's not your fault alone," he told her. "First of all I shouldn't be this fat. You know Anu, I've decided to go on a diet and I'm going to be very sincere about it. . . and I'll also be going for regular walks in the evenings."

"Will you please take me with you?" Anu asked.

"Well, that suits me fine — I hate to go alone."

Rahul was immensely pleased with Anu's good behaviour. It added to his satisfaction to think that she wouldn't be calling him "Fatty" any more. He also felt sorry for having so rudely pulled her pigtail that morning. All this made him wonder how he could have possibly disliked such a sweet little angel like Anu. Suddenly, all his damned up brotherly affection seemed to burst out. He felt an overwhelming urge to shower his love on his little sister. Before she knew what was happening, he lunged forward and lifted her off the floor and planted an affectionate kiss on her rose-petal cheek.

Under normal circumstances Anu would have objected — she seldom liked to be kissed. But this time she didn't object — why, she even seemed to like it.

ACUPUNCTURE: new interest in an ancient science

Acupuncture, the Chinese cure for many an ailment, is also an anaesthetic for some of the most serious and prolonged operations. In India Dr. Cawas Bilpodiwala is a well-known acupuncturist

Anu Sheth

The story goes that in ancient China, about five thousand years ago when wars were fought with bows and arrows, soldiers in battle noticed that an arrow piercing the skin at one point relieved a pain in another part of the body, and this is how acupuncture is said to have started.

According to acupuncture, which literally means "to pierce the skin" (puncture) with a "fine needle" (acu), the life process is activated and maintained by a "vital force" or "life energy." This vital energy, which is electrical in nature, is derived from our environment through such processes as respiration and nutrition, is converted into assimilable form by certain organs, and is stored in the body and distributed by other organs.

An individual is in health so long as there is a proper or normal balance of this vital energy, and ill health results from a disturbed balance. An acupuncturist aims to locate the energy imbalance and ascertain its nature. Having done this, he tries to restore the balance to what it should be by manipulating the vital energy.

The paths of the energy circulation in and among the organs themselves cannot be acted upon, but since this vital energy permeates every living cell and tissue, this naturally includes the near-surface tissues. The circulation of this surface energy follows well-established pathways known as meridians. Each meridian particularly associated with an inner organ, function or system takes the name of that particular organ — e.g. heart meridian, small intestine meridian, bladder meridian, etc. Observation, experience and experiment over thousands of years have resulted in the recognition of 365 points on or near the surface of the skin where vital energy can be manipulated by inserting the needles which produce electrical energy.

The hairfine needles used are made of stainless steel and vary in length from one inch to 12 inches. The number of needles an acupuncturist uses depends on the illness and on his skill. Some serious diseases require upto forty-two needles all in one session, other illnesses can be cured with just one needle. The number of sittings also varies, ranging between one and 200 depending on the severity of the illness, and also on the time of insertion of the needles. On an average, needles are inserted for five or 10 minutes, but in severe and chronic cases they may be kept in for as long as two hours.

There are also other forms of treatment which an acupuncturist will use, such as fomentation or massage. An acupuncturist will not treat ailments that he knows do not respond to the needle, e.g. communicable diseases caused by bacteria.

In daily practice, the acupuncturist uses the relationship between the organs and the meridians as a diagnostic tool, e.g. patients with liver malfunctions will often feel tenderness along the liver meridian. If the acupuncturist presses the point on the meridian that is most nearly associated with the illness, the patient will feel a sharp pain. The fact that illnesses deep in the body are reflected externally is not entirely foreign to Western medicine, e.g. in the 19th century a British nerve specialist noticed that some patients suffering from diseased gall bladders and kidneys felt pain in parts of the body far from the stricken organ. The pain was external, on the surface of the skin and a specific disease always resulted in pain at the same place. There is no evidence that the doctor had ever even heard of acupuncture, but the areas he linked with the gall bladder and kidneys are the same as those used by an acupuncturist to treat these organs.

Another familiar example is the effect in heart attacks. Often a heart attack victim will feel pain shooting down his left arm, or at some points along the arm. The path of the pain corresponds precisely to the heart meridian acupuncture.

The most important aspect of acupuncture is however "pulse diagnosis." If, as has been mentioned, the health of a patient depends on the proper balance of vital energy, then it is obviously of paramount importance to assess whether this balance is as it should be. Thousands of years ago, the Chinese recognised a definite relationship between the heartbeat, respiration rhythm and bloodflow. In Western medicine also, the noting of these factors are of vital importance. The great discovery made by the Chinese as regards the pulse was that it is possible to read not merely the health of a person as a whole, but that of each organ separately.

They discovered that at the wrist, twelve different pulse phenomena were discernible, six at each wrist, upon the radial artery. A master acupuncturist can find, classify and judge more than three hundred different characteristics in a patient's pulse. With only his fingertips he decides the exact nature of any illness, its severity and the treatment needed to cure it. A healthy organ will yield a pulse with certain qualities, and when the qualities differ from what is normal, illness in that organ is indicated. Some acupuncturists claim that they can even predict the sex of a baby by studying the mother's pulse at a certain stage in pregnancy, and a number of pulse characteristics are said to warn of impending death.

Other very important diagnostic tools of an acupuncturist include inspection, hearing and even smelling. He learns far more about the patient's condition from looking at him than a Western physician. Subtle changes in a person's voice may indicate illness and there may even be body odours that hint at the centre of disturbances.

* * *

Dr. Cawas Bilpodiwala is an acupuncturist renowned all over India, and has many famous people including actors, actresses and politicians among his patients. He runs two clinics in Bombay, one a charitable one where he

treats over thirty people daily, free of charge. According to him, the field of acupuncture is populated by quacks who do not know the first thing about this ancient Chinese art, and use it as a quick way to make money. They will start "sticking pins into you after two or three months' training. They will ask the patient what is wrong with him, then try various points according to the books and if they work, well and good."

He says that acupuncture is an art as well as science and that nobody has any business to practise it unless he can first master pulse diagnosis. He says there are very few true acupuncturists left even in China itself. Most of the younger ones he dismisses as quacks.

Talking of pulse diagnosis he said, "Not only can I diagnose from the patient's pulse, but I can also see what is wrong with a person by looking at his face. I can also tell what food he likes and what he should be eating." He went on to demonstrate this remarkable ability, which he acquired after years of study and training. Merely by touching my pulse (on both wrists) for a few seconds and studying me, he told me practically everything about myself—from the fact that I suffer from backache to my weakness for chocolates. He even described my temperament, and this was the first time I had met him.

Patients come to him with all types of ailments from deafness to blood pressure. He has successfully treated many patients with crippling diseases like arthritis, and helped many children suffering from polio. He also has a number of mentally disturbed patients. Sometimes the treatment may be long, but he says that if a person bears with him he will get results. He cites the case of a man who suffered so much from pain due to arthritis that he wanted to commit suicide. He underwent treatment for two years and today he is well. However, Dr. Bilpodiwala says that acupuncture anaesthetic is still only being tried out and is not favoured even in China. He adds

Dr. Bilpodiwala treating patients by acupuncture.

that if he himself had to undergo an operation he would prefer allopathic anaesthesia.

He feels that is is important to develop acupuncture as a science in India because it is the cheapest form of treatment, and he regards the preservation of acupuncture and Chinese medicine as the two major tasks of his life.

One of his patients who suffered from sinus trouble, said she had tried everything else and finally decided to try acupuncture. The doctor first treated her for anaemia and then for her sinus trouble. The intensity and frequency of her colds have diminished greatly, and once when she had gone to the doctor with a splitting headache he relieved it in half an hour. Her mother, who has been suffering from rheumatism for about fourteen years, also takes acupuncture treatment. When she first went to the doctor she could not even comb her hair, or hold things in her hands. Although the treatment in this case is long because of the severity of the disease, she is now showing marked improvement.

AYURVEDA FOR YOU

Suresh Chaturvedi

NEEM

The bitter neem has many medicinal uses.

One tablespoon of neem leaf juice taken early in the morning is helpful in diabetes.

A cup of water to which one teaspoon of neem leaf juice and one teaspoon sugar have been added is useful in acidity.

In case of high blood pressure, one tablespoon of neem leaf juice should be taken twice a day.

Powdered neem leaves purify blood and clear up skin diseases. Those suffering from elephantiasis should take one teaspoon of the powder with water twice a day.

One tablespoon neem juice and two tablespoons sugar added to a glass of water quench thirst and give relief in excessive heat and acidity. Take this twice a day.

Leucorrhoea and excess bleeding during menstruation can be stopped by taking one teaspoon of neem leaf powder and one tablespoon of sugar with water twice a day.

Mix one teaspoon of neem powder and five powdered peppercorns. Take this daily to get rid of fever.

EXTERNAL USES

To get rid of lice and dandruff, massage neem oil on the scalp and hair roots at night, then shampoo next morning. Do this weekly.

Ground neem leaves applied on wounds heal them fast. Neem juice is antiseptic and can be used on any kind of injury.

In case of conjunctivitis, boil a few neem leaves in a glass of water, cool it, and then wash the eyes with this twice a day.

Leprosy, leucoderma, eczema and other skin diseases can be cured by applying neem oil on the affected areas.

Boil neem leaves in water used for bath. Bathing with this water clears spots, itching, etc. Fomentation with neem water reduces inflammation.

Neem datun is helpful in pyorrhoea.

To stop bad breath, brush your teeth with this mixture —one tablespoon neem powder and a little salt.

Children suffering from chicken-pox, small-pox and measles will benefit if neem leaves are kept in their rooms as a preventive measure. This also reduces the heat of the body of the patient.

Kamal Aurora

A B C OF YOUR CLASS ROOM

What all do you hear and see and do in a class room? Fill in the gaps and see how well you do in class!

B — — — K — — — — D (Clue: Teacher writes on it)

C — — — K (Clue: White in colour)

D — — K (Clue: To write on)

E — G — — — H (Clue: Subject)

G — — — — — — R (Clue: Subject)

H — — I — — Y (Clue: No class for today!)

I — K (Clue: It stains)

J — G (Clue: To keep water)

K — — W (Clue: Teacher asks if you —)

M — P (Clue: Geography)

N — T — — — — K (Clue: To write in)

O — — R (Clue: It is the end of the class)

P — — — — L (Clue: To write with)

Q — — — T (Clue: Keep — !)

R — — G (Clue: What the ball does)

S — T (Clue: You have to —)

T — — C — — R (Clue: All classes have one!)

W — — K (Clue: Teacher makes you —)

X' — — S (Clue: A December holiday)

Y — — L (Clue: You get a scold for doing it)

Z — — O (Clue: When you don't do your work, this is what you get!)

THE ADVENTURES OF omphy-momphy tuk tuk

Omphy-Momphy did not want to go to school. He wanted a holiday. But only Sunday was a holiday. And there were four more days before Sunday came.

Omphy-Momphy thought it would be a good idea to say that he was ill. His mother always put him to bed when he felt ill. So Omphy-Momphy did not get up in the morning to get ready for school. When his mother gave him a good morning kiss and said, "It's time to get up, Omphy-Momphy," Omphy-Momphy said, "Good-morning Mama." But he did not get up.

Some time later when Omphy-Momphy's mother came into his room, she found Omphy-Momphy fast asleep.

"Omphy-Momphy!" she said, "Wake up! You will be late for school."

When he heard the word "school," Omphy Momphy covered his head with his bed-sheet.

"What is the matter?" he heard his mother ask. She sounded very worried.

"I am ill," said Omphy-Momphy from under the bed-sheet.

"What!" said his mother and pulled back the bed-sheet.

Omphy-Momphy closed his eyes. His mother put her hand on his forehead. It was not hot at all.

"You do not have temperature," said his mother. "Where do you feel ill?"

Omphy-Momphy thought quickly. "My stomach hurts," he said. His mother put a hand on his stomach.

"Where does it hurt?" she asked.

"All over," said Omphy Momphy. "I want to stay in bed,"

"You don't want to go to school?" asked his mother.

"No," said Omphy-Momphy.

There was a moment of silence.

"All right," said his mother. "You can stay at home today. Now, get up and go to the bathroom."

Omphy-Momphy watched his mother leave the room. He got up with a jump. Beautiful holiday! He had all sorts of plans for the day. Whee! Omphy-Momphy was ready in a very short time. He was hungry.

"Mama!" he called out. "I want breakfast!"

Omphy-Momphy ran into the kitchen. His mother was cooking something that smelt really good. Slurp!

"I'm sorry, Omphy-Momphy," said his mother. "No breakfast today. We must give your sick stomach a rest."

"Why?" asked Omphy-Momphy in great alarm. He was very hungry!

"When you are ill you take a holiday, don't you?" asked his mother. "You don't do any work. You give yourself a rest."

"Yes," agreed Omphy-Momphy with a sigh.

"In the same way, today your stomach is ill. You must give it a holiday. So, no food for now. Your stomach needs a rest."

Omphy-Momphy did not know what to say. He was so, so hungry. He went back back to his room and wondered if he would get something to eat at lunch time.

Oh dear! His plan was not such a good one after all. He wanted a holiday. Now only his stomach was having a holiday.

Omphy-Momphy heard his stomach making funny noises. He wondered if they were noises of fun. Holidays were always fun!

"How long will my stomach's holiday last?" asked Omphy-Momphy of his mother a long time later.

He saw her smile. "How long does your holiday last?" she said.

"A whole day," said Omphy-Momphy. "But my stomach is used to only a small holiday like today," he said.

"Well," said Omphy-Momphy's mother with a smile. "For today, we shall give him a small holiday. You shall have an early lunch, but next time we might have to give your stomach a longer holiday — if he feels too ill!"

"Hurrah!" cheered Omphy-Momphy and made up his mind that the next time he would rather go to school than have a holiday like this one.

ANSWERS

Blackboard, Chalk, Desk, English, Grammar, Holiday, Ink, Jug, Know, Map, Notebook, Over, Pencil, Quiet, Ring, Sit, Teacher, Work, Xmas, Yell, Zero.

DEV ANAND:

PROBLEMS IN LONDON

Vijaya Irani

The day we had fixed to meet, Dev apologised that he had to leave within the next ten minutes on urgent official work and, with his characteristic exuberance, said that ten minutes were too short to describe the fantastic shooting spell he had in London and the fabulous trip it had been this time.

So, the next day, back I went to him about the fab location shooting he had recently done for "Des Pardes" in London. He was busy editing the film and there is no more tactless a time to meet a thoroughly involved film maker than when he is in the throes of his editing. Nevertheless, a distracted but polite Dev sat across, nibbling at a biscuit, while waiting for his boys to get back "from their grub time" and he decided to be done with me as fast as he could.

"I had to go a week ahead of the cast, which was to come to London for the shooting, to make the plans, get the necessary permission and see to the endless arrangements that are involved in taking a film making unit to a foreign country. I had a hectic seven days of this before I could get set for my ten-day stint of directing.

"Tina, my heroine, Pran, Prem Chopra, Ajit, Bharat Kapoor, Amjad Khan, Alankar, myself, had to be fitted into a tight stint and when the rest of them arrived, it got more complicated. They couldn't all come at the same time. Prem Chopra, for example, was shooting in Amsterdam for 'The Great Gambler' and here was I waiting for the scene I had to shoot with him and Amjad, who had to go back for the shooting of Satyajit Ray's 'Shatranj ke Khilari' and I was putting in frantic phone calls to Prem across the Channel to get down fast or else we'd lose Amjad! Co-ordinating busy stars was quite a hassle. But all's well that ends well, as the saying goes, and I was thoroughly happy with what I could get from my cast and put into the film.

"While I was there, the Queen's Silver Jubilee Celebrations were on. I would have been a fool if I missed out on that historical event with my cameras and technicians available to film it. So I decided to incorporate this into my story and had to make some more hectic arrangements like taking permission from Scotland Yard and the Home Ministry, and finding out the Queen's route, and where I could position my cameras so I could capture the splendour of Britain at such a memorable and rare moment, as well as get Tina and myself, the main leads of the film, into the frame-work. Let me tell you, it was a tough job, with us having to set up the cameras and the zoom-lens on a suitable balcony. We had to do it at two in the night and then take up positions among the crowds which had collected in the streets from the previous night to have a glimpse and handshake with their Queen.

"Right from seven in the morning, Tina and myself took our stand among the crowd, and the Queen was to pass that point exactly at 11.30 that morning. It was cold and overcast and the wait was long, but we got some first-class shots, and I am glad we took the trouble over that scene.

"Right now, I am editing the parts I had shot before I went to London, and at this time I really relive the work I had put in. It is very crucial to me."

I asked him whether he is secretive about his editing — like does he allow his associates to see him at work — for instance, Tina, who said she had seen some portions of it.

"I throw it open, I don't care who thinks what, I know my work, and what I want. No matter who is present when I am working, it does not sway me away from the work at hand. I have that much confidence in my work. If any of my cast feels nervous or feels a lack of confidence it is my fault. There is something lacking in me if I cannot put that much confidence in my cast. Besides directing them to do what I want them to do for my film, it is very important that I put them in first class condition and completely at ease if I want good results for my film."

"Would you blame the pressure of time, like you apparently had in London for instance, if you got performances which don't come up to the mark?"

"I wouldn't blame the pressure of time, or any other pressure, like I did have in London. There again, it is up to me how I get my cast to react. Even under the worst pressure, I should be able to convince them and draw the required standard of performance from them. Then and only then will I have succeeded as a director. They can't be blamed if I am pressed for time."

That's how professional a film maker Dev Anand is!

Photograph: Girish Shukla

DARK CORRIDOR

Denise Robins

PART FIVE

THE STORY SO FAR

Corisande Gilroy, young, innocent and beautiful, is searching frantically for her fiance Martin Ashley who has disappeared after booking at Reid's Hotel in Madeira where he was to have met her for a sort of pre-wedding honeymoon. Neither the police nor she can find a trace of him and despair is filling her heart driving out the last vestiges of hope.

Meanwhile Martin, who had fallen into a ravine while walking up a mountain, has been found and nursed back to health by a once lovely peasant girl Sanchia, one side of whose face has been cruelly marred in an accident. Starved for love, she uses Martin's amnesia to convince him that he is Jean and that they are engaged to each other.

But as he recovers, vague memories float into Martin's mind and he is restless, uneasy, even angry.

He resents Sanchia's possessiveness and decides to assert his freedom to move about. They go to a wedding and there he rouses the curiosity of a young man making Sanchia uneasy and alarmed. Martin suddenly feels giddy and they decide to return home.

NOW READ ON

Martin was feeling dizzy suddenly and staggered.

"Let me get you something cool to drink —" she began.

"No, I want nothing. Just let me rest a moment. It's my head again," he said.

His head, his memory, Sanchia thought fearfully — maybe his memory is awakening. Mon Dieu! I wish we had never come and the sooner we get home, the better, she thought.

Sanchia shook her head. She was full of terrors, vague and wild. Before she slept that night she tiptoed into her old bedroom, holding a lighted candle in her hand, and looked long and fixedly at Martin Ashley, alias Jean.

He was fast asleep, but his brows were knit and on his sleeping face there was a marked expression of intense worry.

"What is wrong with him? What is he thinking? What will happen?" she asked herself. "If his mind does, in fact, become clear again and he realises what Papa and I have done, what will happen? Mother of God!"

She was filled with a deep sense of foreboding.

One bright afternoon towards the end of July, Corrie left Martin's grandmother to take her usual siesta and made use of the hired car to drive her up to Camacha. She wanted to go to the factory there to buy a very special basket to take back to England. She was collecting souvenirs.

They arrived at Camacha. She was a little disappointed, for as she got out of the car, she noticed that the sun had gone down. There were large black clouds billowing up over the mountains. The air was sultry and she felt hot and sticky in spite of her cool cotton dress. She'd better hurry into the willow factory and choose her basket.

As she reached the entrance she glanced at the adjoining cafe. A young man was sitting outside at one of the tables, smoking. As she looked towards him he got up and came across to her. He spoke in French. "Pardon, madame, but you have dropped your scarf, I think."

She looked back and saw the scarlet and white scarf which she had been carrying over her arm. It must have slipped down as she walked to the shop and she hadn't noticed it.

She said, "Merci Monsieur." There were so many foreign tourists in Funchal at this time of the year. And he was certainly very civil, because he darted forward, picked up the scarf and brought it to her.

He was not a very tall man but he was attractive. She looked up at him, meaning to thank him, then stopped. She stood transfixed. She felt as though there was already a storm and that she had been struck by lightning.

The man had Martin's face!

It was on the thin side, perhaps, and with hollows under the cheek-bones, and of course, he couldn't be Martin. He was as dark as Martin had been fair. He had longish black hair and a beard. But it was his eyes that held her spellbound.

He was staring down at her — a blank look, without recognition, but Corrie felt positively sick with the tension that was gradually building up in her. It was like nausea following a spell of dizziness. She swayed and for no reason except that this man with the grey eyes reminded her so ridiculously of Martin, she spoke his name aloud.

"Martin!"

For a second he neither moved

nor spoke, but continued to stare down into the beautiful golden eyes of this girl with tawny hair, falling so silkily down to her shoulders, this girl who called him Martin in a very English voice. He didn't understand why, but he too felt as though he had been struck by a flash of lightning.

Then she swayed and her eyes closed. He saw that she was going to faint. Instinctively his arms went out and he caught her, lifted her off her feet, and carried her inside the cafe. She was so light! He marvelled at her slenderness.

Martin had given poor Sanchia the slip and come alone to Camacha this morning. He had gone into the factory to see if they wanted help there because he still felt he was not earning enough in Quintra. He ordered coffee and a cognac for her.

"Brandy first — madame has been taken ill," he told the young waiter, speaking this time in Portuguese.

"Drink this," he said. "Come on—open your eyes—let me give you a little of this. You will soon feel better."

Her lashes lifted slowly.

"Martin, oh, God! What does this mean? I suppose you aren't Martin Ashley. I suppose I'm right off my head. But you're so like him—so like him. And you spoke English just now. You've got his voice. Oh, you are Martin, aren't you?" She ended on a note of hysteria.

Now Martin began to shake. The waiter had come back with the coffee and set it down, staring curiously at these two who were so engrossed in each other. Martin sat down rather heavily in the chair beside the girl. Had he spoken in English? He spoke again in his own language.

"Who is this Martin? What makes you think I am he?"

She shook her head, her pulse

was throbbing at a rate that was positively painful. Her head was still spinning.

"You are English. Why did you speak in French just now?"

"Who are you and why do you think I'm a man called Martin?"

"You have the same eyes and your mouth's the same, too — what I can see of it with all that

HIS HAIR AND BEARD DYED, HIS FACE TANNED, FEW COULD RECOGNISE IN MARTIN THE FAIR HAIRED, FAIR COMPLEXIONED ENGLISHMAN. BUT CORRIE LOOKS INTO HIS GREY EYES AND A WILD HOPE SURGES UP IN HER HEART

beard," she laughed and stood up — every nerve in her body quivering.

"Okay, what else?"

"But how can you be Martin?" she added pitifully. "You're so dark. Martin's fair."

He sucked in his breath. God in heaven, he was fair! Sanchia had dyed his hair and the beard, and until he became naturally brown from the sun, she had stained his skin.

"Who are you? Tell me where you come from, and why you are so sure my name is Martin," he asked hoarsely.

"I'm Corisande Gilroy. They call me Corrie. Martin called me that, too. Don't you recognise me? I live with Ann at a place called Brabett's Farm."

He repeated, "Corisande . . . Corrie." He said both names slowly several times.

Now she knew. This was Martin. Her eyes frantically searched his face, then his hair. She noticed the fair roots. He was Martin. A frenzy of excitement brought Corrie near to losing consciousness again but she took command of herself. She seized one of his hands and spread it out. She looked at the shape of the palm, the length of his fingers. She began to sob.

"They're your hands . . . your nails. Martin, Martin, Martin!"

Corrie began to talk to him. Soon Martin stopped feeling suspicious of her. His brow cleared. A great feeling of relief replaced all doubts. Confused he might be, but he was positive that this girl was no detective. She was too genuinely overjoyed to have found him. At last he was hearing all that he most wanted to know. Jean was a myth. He was Martin Ashley.

Corrie recited the whole dramatic story of the rendezvous which she and he had agreed should take place at Reid's Hotel.

"What happened to you, Martin? Oh, darling, why didn't you come back? Why are you up here in the mountains like this—in this disguise? I don't understand your dyed hair and beard — the way you spoke to me at first in French. None of it makes sense."

"And do you think your story makes sense to me?" he asked in a hoarse voice. "Until this morning I had imagined my name was Jean. I'm supposed to have fallen into a ravine and hit my head. This accounts for the amnesia. The rest is explained by what I was told by the two people who found me."

"When did you fall into a ravine? Where? Who were these people? Where have you been living? You must have been completely hidden. The police couldn't trace you. But why did these people keep you hidden in spite of all the efforts that were made to find you?"

The more he looked and listened, the more familiar she became. Everything about her seemed somehow evocative — even her name was no longer strange. The sound of it had vibrated through him like a bell that had been rung against his ear.

"Corrie—Corisande, dear God! I'm beginning to remember that name. Go on talking — say some more, for God's sake!"

Now she was weeping. She began to pour out so muh information about him — his work — his grandmother—that Martin could hardly grasp it all. His mind was still in confusion. Yet the touch of her hands so excited and moved him that he could well believe she was speaking the truth. He had loved her. He had been going to marry her, she said. Yes, that was surely true. He'd never seen anyone so beautiful in his life.

They sat there together for an hour talking, talking, talking. Then the rain came down—heavy and noisy, splashing all over the courtyard. The ground outside the patio turned into a swamp within minutes. Neither of the two people inside the cafe took the slightest notice of the storm. They went on staring at each other, telling each other all they knew.

Corrie heard how Martin had come out of his coma. But she still did not understand what actually had happened before. She only knew that a girl, whom he called Sanchia, and Jose, her father, appeared to have rescued him from the ravine into which he had fallen, and taken him back to their isolated cottage.

Again and again, Corrie asked Martin for details that he could not supply. He was still vague and uncertain of his facts. The pieces of the puzzle did not altogether fit. The true picture had yet to be formed. Yet, after an hour with him, Corrie had no doubt about his identity. He was Martin. It seemed almost too much for Martin when Corrie gave him her version of what happened in Funchal after he disappeared. He kept burying his face in his hands and shaking his head.

"Incredible . . . unbelievable, but it makes sense, yet it doesn't. It's like fiction. My God, I don't understand how Sanchia could have done such a ghastly thing to me."

Into Corrie's eyes there came the light of a dawning sympathy for the wicked, yet in a way, pitiable girl. Corrie had heard the whole story now. Sanchia was the victim of her accident and terrible disfigurement.

"I think I understand. Sanchia was obsessed by the thought that no man would ever look at her again, so she tried to keep you. She thought up this crazy plan and her father backed her."

"I can never forgive her," Martin muttered. "My God!" He ran a hand through his hair and down his bearded face. "I can't wait to get this damned dye off. How I long to be myself again, even though things are still so hazy to me. But if all you tell me is true, and I'm sure it is, I'm dead certain I want to go back to England—and to be with you," he added and put a hand out to Corrie and covered one of hers.

She returned the pressure, her face burning, her eyes bright.

"But you still don't remember anything except waking up in that cottage? You're only taking my word that you are Martin Ashley."

"Yes. But it ties up with quite a few of the things I've been feeling now and then — memories which at moments have crossed my mind, then faded again. But I've always realised I was English and I've frequently doubted that I was the sort of fellow Sanchia made me out to be. Anyhow, if you'll let me drive back to Quintra with you, you can tell them that you've recognised me in spite of my dyed hair."

"Let me tell you what happened when I reached Reid's and after your grandmother joined me," Corrie said.

Martin listened to her attentively. He was deeply interested, especially in her story of the couple who had seen him by the great mimosa tree on the Funchal road and how he had forgotten his camera, and mentioned the fact.

Tears glittered on her lashes. She held out her left hand.

"Look, Martin, your ring, darling. It's never been off my finger. You remember it?"

He took her hand and stared earnestly at the stone.

"No, it means nothing," he whispered. "Please forgive me."

To be concluded

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1

VERSATILE, PRACTICAL PLASTIC

Scores of attractive as well as practical items in plastic are being introduced these days by enterprising manufacturers. Extremely light but sturdy; colourful — the gamut of colours ranging from flaming orange to soft shell pink; unbreakable; easy-to-care-for and easy-on-the-budget; they are a rage nowadays. A wide variety of items is available for every section in the house — from the living room, to the bath, to the garden. In fascinating shapes and brilliant rainbow hues, they can be had to suit all tastes and pockets.

Here is a round up of some interesting products, all beautifully finished, that have gained wide popularity at home and abroad.

Photographs : Farokh Reporter

2

3

1. So unusual, so different is this Brite tub with matching bucket, mug and toothbrush holder; an assortment of attractive storage boxes, powder boxes, glass, tray and dishes — all in white, decorated with delicate floral/geometrical design to please the eye.

Courtesy: Bright Brothers Limited, Bombay

2. Very useful buys . . . an elegant multipurpose trolley, tub and buckets and a smart dinner service to grace your table.

Courtesy : Barakaso Private Limited, Bombay

3. Whatever your preference, choose something that harmonises with your decor. The perforated fruit basket and bowl, trays, cutlery rack which can double as a letter holder, jugs, milk can and bin can be had in several eye-catching shades.

Courtesy : Barakaso Private Limited, Bombay

4. For the houseproud... a beautiful ice bucket, mirror frame in a floral pattern, a set of bowls for serving snacks, soap boxes and soap dish in a lovely design.

Courtesy : K. S. M. Interprises, Bombay

4

A DEARTH OF PHOTOJOURNALISTS

Mira Savara

I set out originally to find why there are no women photojournalists (or at least so few). In all other countries women photographers have created some of the most notable contributions in the field. For example, Margaret Bourne White. The first cover picture of "Life" was done by a woman.

To my surprise, I found that in fact there are very few photojournalists in India, male or female. There are photographers, yes, there are photographers who work for newspapers and magazines, yes, there certainly are pictures regularly featured in almost every magazine that one picks up. So what do I mean by saying there are too few photojournalists in India?

It all depends on what you mean by photojournalism. It signifies something very different from photography. It means journalism through pictures, that is, telling a story through pictures.

However, what does one mainly find in India? We find that pictures are used as a secondary prop. They are used as descriptive props, as a sort of additive, as illustrations to the story, whose main content is the text. The fact that pictures in magazines are as important as the story has still to catch on.

Why is this? What are the problems that photojournalists face? In order to understand what the problems facing photojournalists are, we need first to define more exactly what we mean by photojournalism, and how we distinguish it from photography.

Photography is simply taking pictures to illustrate an event. For example, if one is interviewing or writing a story about a particular person, a photographer may come along and click a picture or two. The picture is normally taken just to show what the person looks like. Perhaps if the person is an artist, the photographer will say, "Please take that brush in your hand and pretend to paint." This picture would suffice for just about any magazine in India.

How does a photojournalist work? Usually he or she has acquired as much background material as the writer regarding the person or the event he is about to photograph. If he is photographing a person he would know what the person does, would have some idea about the person's method of work. He would then spend an entire morning, an entire day, with the person. While the subject is working on his normal routine of the day, doing the things he normally does, the photojournalist will click away — but unobstrusively, so that his subject would not know a photographer was present. The idea would be to try and get pictures which would catch the depth, the intensity, the character of the person the subject is. It would try to build up an image for the reader of the subject's way of life.

Thus a reader would get to know something intimate about the person only seeing the photographs. A photojournalist would attempt to capture the most intense, the most telling moments which convey all about the subject to the reader at a glance. Stories of that nature have an impact much greater than the written word.

Having defined photojournalism, we can now go on to consider why there are so few photojournalists in India.

Firstly, most of our magazines do not have a conception of photographs which are conductive to the development of photojournalism. In other words, magazines themselves are not interested in photographs which tell a story as distinguished from photographs which merely illustrate a story. This fact comes out in many ways. Firstly, and most importantly, the rate of payment for pictures is so low that it hardly makes it worthwhile for a photographer to spend maybe a whole day shooting a couple of rolls. If eventually a magazine uses only three pictures he cannot hope to live on that income.

Magazines also never commission photographers to do a feature story giving them enough for expenses. The difference is most glaring when you compare how much photographers are paid for fashion photography and by advertising agencies. The payment would make any photojournalist's mouth water. They get

Trying to fill the gap

NAFISA ALI

The beauty behind the lens

Amita Sarwal

Nafisa Ali is one of those rare human beings who is as good behind the camera as she is in front of it. Having been photographed innumerable times — as a champion swimmer, a model, and again when she hit the headlines as Eve's Weekly's selection for the Miss International Contest in Tokyo (where she emerged second runner-up) she is now busy at the other end of the camera — photographing people, places and happenings.

"Ever since childhood, there have been plenty of cameras around the house and I'd spend hours fiddling with a little box model trying to shoot my friends," she says. Here her father adds, "I recollect, at her 4th birthday party she was busy grouping her friends and trying to take their snaps."

At 14, Nafisa took her first near-professional photograph — her father at work — which Mr. Ali very proudly displays in his studio.

So, what started as a hobby, both with father and daughter, has become a profession with the former and nearly so with the latter.

"My dad is my best teacher. He teaches us techniques which normally would need reading about a 100 books on the subject. He says, 'I wish I could tape all that is in my mind, and fit the cassette in your head.'

The camera was a childhood friend.

The beauty queen as photojournalist.

"Whenever I take a snap, I am in a tearing hurry to see the results, and it's this thrill that's developed into a love for photography. I think when one does this more out of love than as a source of livelihood, it brings out much more in a snap. Right now I enjoy taking portraits. Initially I took snaps of friends."

Besides black and white, Nafisa is indulging in colours too. At the moment she is working on fashion catalogues for export houses.

"I want to go in for both — photography and photojournalism. I haven't heard of any top Indian photojournalist."

After a short pause, she continued, "Of the foreign ones, Gina Lollobrigida and Candice Bergen are the ones I admire. They are both women and I feel if they can make such a success of their work, why can't I? Of course, they have enough finance behind them, but then I have a lot more of other advantages — I have Dad's studio, equipment, name, and most importantly, his expertise."

So far Nafisa has had no problems selling her stuff to magazines. Still comparatively new to this field, she has just done two features to date. The first, she was approached by a well-known weekly for a story soon after she won the Miss India title.

And the second, a recent one, was an action story of an accident during the car races at Barrackpore, for a fortnightly. "The pleasures of seeing the outcome of my action pictures is much more than of seeing stills. Of course, one has to be very alert for this kind of thing. Action photos can be forgiven for blurs and bad lighting — an action is just for a split second — it can never happen again, and one must capture it in the nick of time." Which she obviously has done in her very first attempt.

Nafisa is concentrating on portraits, for although she loves landscapes, Calcutta doesn't offer much in that field. "A portrait also needs a lot from the photographer. She has to be somewhat of an artist to be able to

sometimes up to Rs. 500 a day for shooting, plus expenses of raw materials like colour rolls, and over and above that they are paid in hundreds for each film accepted by the agency.

Why is this? Possibly because advertising agencies realise the importance of photographs in the campaign. For them the picture must tell even more than the copy. It is the picture which sells the product.

They realise that when people glance through anything, when they have just a minute before they run off to office or to catch a train, what catches their eye is a striking picture. They understand and appreciate the importance of photography, not so the magazine publisher.

Can you imagine a magazine carrying a photofeature on a mental asylum? Or on growing up in a traditional family and going to college, where you tell a whole story through pictures? No. Most of our magazines would want a long rambling article.

Photojournalism is still in a state of anaemic infancy in India because there is so little encouragement. But a father and daughter are doing well in this genre

The fact that one photograph, showing a long, empty corridor, dingy and dirty, with a lone person at the end, looking dejected and forlorn, tells more than any description does not matter. In fact, they may even prefer a picture showing the exterior of the building!

Obviously, most magazines do not have an eye for pictures. People presume that if a person is a good editor, then he must be a good judge of photographs also. This is totally untrue. Most magazines abroad, especially those that use photofeatures, usually have a photo editor, a person whose sole job is to choose them, to edit the pictures, to assign photofeatures.

In India the editor will decide a feature four weeks in advance, okay two pages on this, and get a photographer and a writer. Often these two have nothing to do with each other, they don't discuss exactly what it is each is attempting to bring out. Such co-ordination is most essential for securing the full impact of the feature. A photographer and a writer must work as a team if their work is to click. Instead, the writer may turn up with a 1500-word article, the photographer brings a few pictures and they are chopped up to fill the spaces left by the copy. What sort of layout a particular picture needs is totally ignored. How then can the feature create the desired impact?

Photojournalism is very expensive, and few photographers in India have the resources to afford it. A good enough camera, the various lenses you need are not available in the country and even if they are, they are very expensive. Strict import restrictions make foreign ones either unavailable or impossibly costly.

These are the problems of photojournalism in India. Of course, this does not mean that there is no one who takes up this profession. Names, world famous names, do exist, like Bhardwaj, Raghu Rai (he has received the Padma Shri) and Raghubir Singh has published an outstanding book on the Ganges. There are a few who are still struggling to survive. And these days some magazines have appreciated the importance of photojournalism.

The qualities you need for photojournalism do not border on the miraculous. A lot of photography is picked up mainly from practice, but a good school in photography would be welcome. However, what is needed most is an eye for the significant, the intense, the dramatic. It requires a real feel for people, to guess when they are going to do what, their emotions. This means a flair for continuous observation, quick reflexes.

These qualities exist both in males and females. Perhaps it is easier for women to take up this profession as they are not as pressed for an income as men are.

A photojournalist can decide what sort of stories he or she wants to cover, so that travel need not always be a problem. An ideal combination is of course for a husband and wife to work as a team — one writing the article and the other taking the photographs.

However, for any significant change to occur in this matter, it is essential for magazines to change their policies and attitudes towards pictures. It is surprising that in a largely illiterate country the importance of visuals is still so unappreciated. The use of pictures as a vehicle for communication should surely be more important in a country like ours.

This photo of her father posing the model was taken by Nafisa when she was fourteen. No wonder Daddy is proud of it.

bring out the best in a person. I do mostly women, for being one myself, I find them more at ease with me, including the camera-shy ones.

"To further my career, I am now busy mastering the techniques of producing a perfect photograph — learning about lighting, angles, developing, etc. Dad wants me to be a perfectionist, so that taking a snap of any kind will come naturally to me. But I still have to make up my mind what exactly I want to excel in. It should suit my temperament. I like beauty and creativity — I wonder how much of that I can bring into photojournalism. I don't think I'll be happy with down-to-earth reporting. That's what the public expects from photojournalists.

"Besides," she concluded, "I sincerely believe that the calibre of photojournalism in our country can only improve once the magazines and papers become better paymasters — because, frankly, today there are very few who can entirely rely on it for their daily bread and butter."

MR. AHMED ALI

"I am more of a photographer than a photojournalist, which I only indulge in when I have to cover a special assignment," says one of the city's leading photographer — Mr. Ahmed Ali. "Most photojournalists are very badly paid, so only the inspired missionary types are the ones who produce good results." He further elaborates, "Photojournalism should prove very popular in the future of our country for these days with so many other time-consuming things, demanding a person's attention, people have less and less time to read. So a couple of good photographs can just as well tell the story in a shorter while."

Ahmed Ali received his first camera, a box model too, at the age of 11 and a year later, through the method of trial and error he was developing and printing his own photographs.

Belonging to an orthodox family, his parents thought that he'd get over his hobby and would take up a serious profession—medicine, engineering or the like. But as the years went by his interest in photography developed. After the war Mr. Ali met a man in advertising and got involved in commercial photography. "Yet I continued pictorial photography side by side," he adds. Two of his early assignments as a photojournalist were "A day in the life of the chief minister," and a post-war pictorial feature for an American magazine.

Finally asked what he would advise Nafisa to do, "I know she has it in her to be a good photographer, but it's upto her to opt for her specific field — what I insist upon most at the moment is her striving hard to get the basics all correct — for she must realize that once she is really good at her job, it can be a passport to earning anywhere in the world," he said.

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ABOVE: A double wing formation sets off these two winning cocktail dresses. A half multi-striped diagonal cut combined with plain red jersey is a winning fashion play. You'll select this most glamorous two-piece gown with white flared tafetta skirt topped with diagonal hemline, off-shoulder top banded with white stripes.

ABOVE RIGHT: Glamour gowns are back — long, elegant and flattering. A pink, yellow and mauve silk gown has elastisised bodice, skinny string straps and a triangular apron at front and back over flared skirt. The other features two piece maxi from a multi-coloured range. The oriental influence comes from a neat cut sleeveless top made from the paisley, while it shows vertical stripes on the skirt.

RIGHT: Focus on pansets is on denims! A classic pantsuit in blue has pin tuck interest on the pockets and worn with a bright red knit blouse; while the other in novelty knit jacket-top in hand-printed design is worn with orange pants with double front flap pockets is set off with an orange and blue silk scarf.

Courtesy: Purple Pussy Cat,
Electric House, Bombay.

Photographs: Farokh Reporter.

PICKING UP OLD

With middle age a woman's work is done, or so many think, but for quite a few it is the start of a second innings — of work, usefulness, purpose

Vera Sharma

What is it that makes a woman think of taking up work again or finishing her education after a long lapse of time? Well, the reasons are many and varied. It might be that a woman approaching middle age begins to feel restless. The children to whom she has given the best years of her life are now grown up and independent. They have lives of their own to lead and find little time to spare for ageing parents. Watching them embarking on new careers makes her feel that she too should achieve something in life and not just sit back and wait for old age to overtake her.

Then there is the woman who finds it impossible to make both ends meet financially. Children grow up and demand a better standard of living. They become resentful when they are denied better clothes or little luxuries like jam and cold drinks, or cinema tickets, all of which can mount up to quite an item in any woman's budget at today's prices. This makes her feel that it is better that she should also earn rather than be faced with the daily carping of her children.

The most common cause is, however, a calamity in the family like the sudden illness or death of her husband, which makes it necessary for her to earn so that she can keep the proverbial wolf from her door. In this case she has no choice and must find employment.

Some women are enterprising enough to want to finish their education quite late in life, or decide to take up a career which they have long wanted to follow but have just not found the time earlier.

Whatever the reason, many women do take up an active working life again at a comparatively late age, and there are many more who toy with the idea of taking up full-time employment, but eventually decide against it.

What are the problems that face women who go back to work after a long interval of time?

First of all, the woman who starts working again has to face the problem of changing her whole routine. All the years since her marriage and the coming of her children, her chief concern has been to see that her husband gets off to work and the children off to school punctually. In most homes it is a time when the wife and mother is kept busy seeing to breakfast and the dressing of the children. Now she herself has to enter the fray, and is not in a position to help them as she is now older and less agile and has to also get off to work on time.

The children who have been used to having her at home to greet them when they return from school feel very forlorn when they have to unlock the door and go into an empty house. Food that should be eaten hot is eaten cold. Children who should be doing their homework play overtime in other children's homes where there is a mother, rather than face their own empty and often untidy one. Husbands find that their wives are full of their own office intrigues and have little patience to listen to their tales of woe. It is very few women who can honestly say that their homes do not suffer because they have resumed working.

Fitting into an office where younger people are in superior positions also makes a woman ill at ease. Youth has always been cruel to age, and here too older women find that the generation gap makes them both lonely and ridiculed.

Coming in to work by train or bus is another ordeal. As a woman's age increases, she tires more easily. Standing in long queues for buses or in trains where you have to stand buffeted on all sides by pushing people, leaves a woman exhausted and incapable of facing the problems which await her arrival at home. Often she has to go to work when she is ill because all her leave is used up in nursing members of her family.

Holidays are frequently busier than working days. All the chores of a home have accumulated and are dealt with on these days.

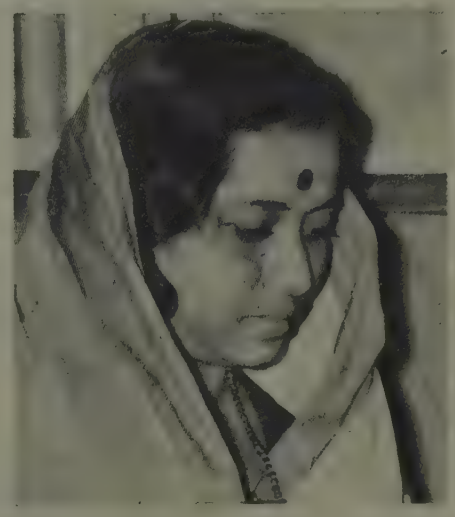
It is all these difficulties that make most women hesitant to take up full-time employment. Some of them feel it is better to economize and live carefully than to face the upheaval in the routine of the home. Besides, it is also true that much money has to be spent on servants and tutors because the mother is absent from the home, and therefore the net financial profit is also reduced.

Eventually, each individual woman has to decide whether she should or should not pick up the threads of an old career or start a new one.

CHANDRIMA BHADURI
A Life of Creative Activity

Mrs. Bhaduri is a charming, vivacious lady who does not look her age. She is a well-known character actress of Hindi films.

At the age of eighteen and a half she was married to a gentleman from an aristocratic family. Her husband was one of eight children who, having lost his father at a young age, was brought



up in his uncle's large joint family. As a member of this joint family, she was not allowed to leave the house and led the traditional life of a married Hindu lady. Her chief responsibilities were her duties to her husband and his family and the bearing and rearing of her children.

Not liking this dependence on the joint family, and as her husband did not earn enough to support her and their four children, and not being able to lead the kind of life befitting their social status, she decided to start earning at the age of thirty-nine.

Being a very talented lady, proficient in painting, music, drama and embroidery, she started working as a teacher of dance, drama and music in a Government school in Indore where the family was living.

Her husband and his family were against her taking up the work, as at that time it was not usual for ladies from conservative, aristocratic families to work. The entire family was upset and felt that it was a blow to its dignity. It was decided, therefore, that it would be best for them to live separately.

While teaching school and looking after her family, she started studying for her degree course privately and passed Inter Arts in the second division. By the time she was forty-three, she was earning almost double of what her husband earned.

With no encouragement from any source, she still persisted in the development of her talents. She has written novels, poems, short stories and articles in Hindi, Bengali and English, apart from her many memorably acted elderly roles on the Hindi screen.

She herself feels that the roles of the two sexes are different but equally important. The man should support and look after the security of the family, while the woman should look after the home and the bringing up of the children. However, financial necessity may make it imperative that she should work and shoulder the double burden.

Now she is happy with her children's careers and continues to earn more than her husband.

SAROJINI K. KULKARNI
A Lady Who Started Working After a 10 Year Interval

Mrs. Kulkarni is an enterprising housewife who started working again after a period of ten years at home. She had been working in the office of a high school at Dadar before her marriage and for a short period after her marriage she took up work in a school at Malad in a similar capacity. In 1964 she gave up work to look after her home and small daughters.

In 1974 she accidentally met an old colleague who told her of a vacancy in her old school at Ma-

lad. Feeling that her daughters who were then twelve and seven years old respectively, could take care of themselves, she decided to join work again. Actually, there was no financial or other compelling reason which made it necessary, but she felt it would be a pity to lose this opportunity.

Her husband was not at all in favour of her taking up work again as he felt that it would disrupt their family life. However, with the help of her elder dau-

THREADS

ghter, she manages both office work and home. She admits that there were many difficulties in the way, like the children going to school in different shifts, which made it necessary for her to depend on friends and neighbours at times, but she feels that the advantages outweigh the disadvantages.

Because of her long absence from work, she did lose her seniority, but as the staff were all new having joined after she left, she did not have any trouble. Her timings are from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., and she gets one month's annual leave, fifteen days' sick leave like in any other job. She does not get the advantages of long school vacations like the teachers do. Even so, she prefers working to staying at home.

NIRMALADEVI JAKHADE

A Lady Who Started Working After Her Husband's Death

Mrs. Jakhade was married in traditional style as soon as she finished college. She lived with her husband's people who were quite strict with her. Later when they started to live separately, she took part in dramas, learned singing and dancing and joined the Home Guards. After the birth of her children — two boys — many of these activities had to cease. Unfortunately, when her eldest son was about to appear for his S.S.C. examination, she lost her husband.

Financial necessity made it essential for her to take up full time work, as her children had to complete their education.

She secured employment in a bank in her late thirties, and had to start life anew.

Mrs. Jakhade found it very difficult to adjust to this new life style. Having to cook, look after her children's studies and attend office regularly, together with the grief of her loss, life was very hard for her. Her orthodox upbringing made her feel uncomfortable in the office atmosphere where men and women mixed freely. Having to work with younger people made her feel an outsider, slightly ridiculous. All these problems gave her a lack of confidence and a sense of weariness and frustration. Added to this was the over-crowded train journey to and from work.

Her joy in life has been the splendid cooperation of her two boys. They have studied well. Her eldest son is an electronic engineer and her younger one has just appeared for his B.Sc. examination. They have learned to cook and look after themselves and each other. During her hard times they made no demands on her purse, and during her illness and operations they have nursed her like daughters.

I asked her what she felt about married women working. She feels they should only work when absolutely necessary -as home, children and husbands are bound to be neglected to a lesser or greater degree.

PRABHA SHRIPAD JOSHI

A Lady Who Finished School After an 11-Year Gap

Mrs. Joshi married before she completed her studies at school. She wanted to continue her education, but various domestic problems like having to look after the household, which included her father-in-law and brother-in-law, and the birth of her own two daughters made this impossible during her early married life. However, she still harboured a stubborn determination to complete her schooling whenever the situation would permit.

The opportunity, if one can call it that, came eleven years later when her children were in the 7th and 3rd standards respectively, and her mother was able to assist her. She not only passed her S.S.C. privately but also

took a Montessori teachers' course.

After her training, she opened classes at home for pre-school children, where she handled as many as 20 to 30 children. She did all her own cooking and other domestic duties. Mrs. Joshi said that it did entail considerable strain as she had to work from 5-30 a.m. to 12 p.m.

At present she is working in a school which is within walking distance of her home. She has to start her work at 8-30 a.m. and gets home by 2 p.m. Her two daughters help in the home a little, but as her younger daughter is studying medicine and the older one science, they do not have much time.

Mrs. Joshi is working mainly to augment the family income, as she feels that the increasing cost of living makes it difficult for a single earning member to provide all the family needs. However, she feels that even if this economic necessity is absent, educated women should make use of their education for the betterment of society in some way, such as free literacy classes or giving free tuition to some poor children who cannot afford school fees.

M. LOBO

A Lady Who Started Work After Her Husband's Retirement

On arriving at the multi-storeyed building on Malabar Hill where Mrs. Lobo works, I was taken up in a swift automatic lift to the 17th floor.

Mrs. Lobo is employed as a housekeeper, and literally holds the keys of this kingdom in the absence of her employers, who spend long periods abroad on business. She has to supervise the servants, and has a telephone in her air-conditioned room. The room is painted white with orange curtains and bedspreads. There is a large window overlooking Warden Road. Sitting there, looking out at the skyscrapers, one imagines one is in New York and not in Bombay.

When the family is away, she can go home at night and return in the morning, but when the family is in Bombay, she has to be on the premises night and day. She is paid a salary with free board and lodging.

Not wanting to be a burden on her children, she started working after her husband's retirement. Mrs. Lobo is a trained nurse, and at first took nursing assignments. She got married as soon as her training was completed and the following years were occupied in bringing up her three sons and two daughters. So her working experience started at the age of forty-five. Under the circumstances her husband did not object.

She has also worked in Muscat in South East Arabia on the Gulf of Oman. Her employers were high officials in the government, and treated her well. She secured this job through an advertisement, and went to be interviewed by the Arab lady who was on a visit to Bombay and was staying at a five-star hotel. There were many applicants, but she was selected as they wanted a middle-aged lady to look after their three little boys.

She was given a room, food and clothing, as also the use of a car. Her salary was about Rs. 1250/- per month in Indian currency. The family also took her to London and she was able to

see all the sights with them. They had a large retinue of servants, including cooks and butlers from India because they were very fond of Indian and Moglai dishes.

Mrs. Lobo has been married for thirty-four years, and now all her children are settling down; only her youngest son has yet to decide on a career. She is now happy and contented.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

We are happy to announce that beginning with our issue of August 6, 1977 the "This Week For You" column will be revived. It will be written by the well-known astrologer, Mr. K. H. Shroff. We regret the inconvenience caused to our readers by the suspension of this column during the last few weeks.

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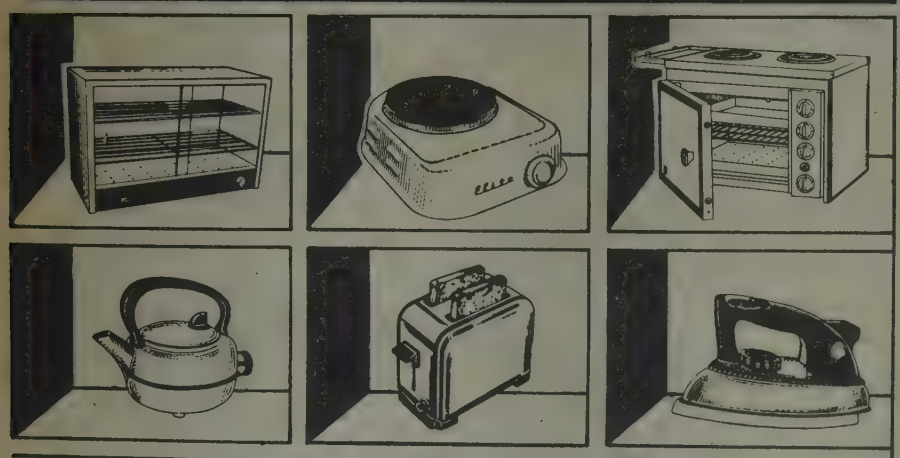

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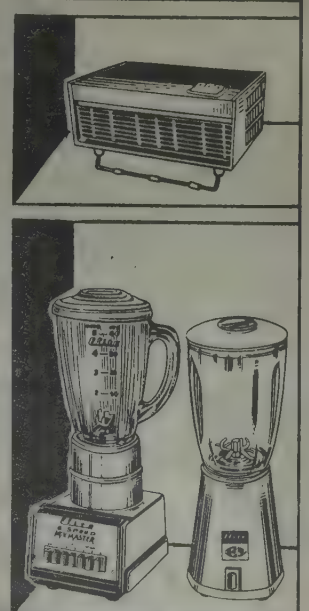

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HUNGARIAN CUISINE

Many and varied factors have contributed to the evolution of the Hungarian cuisine in its present state, by various ruling families intermarrying other Europeans. Thus it was only natural that the cuisine reflects foreign influence, though it's highly seasoned and pungent. However, during the period of the Turkish conquest, cooking in Transylvania managed to retain the national characteristics in unadulterated form. In modern Hungarian cookery, generous use of lard, onions, paprika and sour cream is made; it invariably evokes visions of brightly scarlet dishes tinted with their favourite paprika. Outside Hungary, it has become usual to label all the dishes seasoned with paprika by the name of goulash. Actually goulash (Gulyas) is something like a soup or a kind of meat stew.

Hungarian cooking is worth trying and tasting and once you have learned to appreciate it, you'll definitely hunger for more. Dishes given here are all prepared by locally available ingredients. For more, "Rendezvous" at the Taj Mahal Intercontinental, Bombay, is ready to welcome and delight you with Hungarian dishes prepared by their famous chefs.

DELICACY OF SOMLO

I PIECE OF FINGER-BISCUIT
6 eggs
12 grams sugar
20 grams flour
1 gram lemon-peel

Mix the egg-yolk with ¼ of the sugar and the lemon-peel. Make a cream from the white of the egg with the rest of the sugar. Mix the cream and the egg-yolk carefully, then add the flour to it slowly. Bake it.

I PIECE OF NUT-BISCUIT
6 eggs
12 grams sugar
25 grams flour
5 grams nut

Method is same as the above, but mix the nut with the flour previously

I PIECE OF CHOCOLATE-BISCUIT

6 eggs
12 grams sugar
10 grams flour
5 grams cocoa

Method is same as the above, mix the cocoa with the flour previously.

YELLOW-CREAM STUFFING

3 litres milk
14 eggs
90 grams sugar
30 grams flour
1 Vanilla bar

Mix the flour with the egg-yolk and 1 litre of milk. The rest of the milk should be scalded with a bit of sugar and the vanilla bar. In the meanwhile make a cream from the white of the egg and the sugar. Mix the vanilla flavoured milk with the floury-milk and scald it by stirring continuously. When it becomes thick, add the mixed cream to it slowly.

LEITER SUGAR

1 litre water
80 grams sugar
30 grams rum
1 lemon-peel

Cook sugar-syrup, cool it and add the rum to it.

FOR SPRINKLING

30 grams raisin
20 grams nuts
7 grams cocoa

INTER PUDDING

PUDDING

50 grams cream
10 grams sugar powder
20 grams cherry compot (fruit in syrup)
10 grams walnuts
2 grams gelatine

SAUCE

25 litre cream
25 litre cherry sauce
15 grams sugar
3 grams cream powder
1 lemon
Colouring
Cherry liquor

PUDDING

Mix cream, sugar, cherry compot and walnut. Then add gelatine. Pour into a mould and then chill it.

SAUCE

Take cherry sauce, sugar, cream powder and boil. When cold, add cream, liquor and colouring.

Serve the pudding with sauce also as decoration.

HUNGARIAN GOULASH SOUP

½ kg. breast or forequarter of of beef
180 grams onions
½ kg. potatoes
1 dstsp. of sweet paprika and salt

Cookery Queen Of The Month

Mrs. Praveena Patel of Baroda wins Rs. 100 for this month's best recipe.

GREEN CAPSICUM KACHORI

125 grams moong dal
1 cup gram, flour
1 tbsp. rice flour
12 capsicums, medium sized
1 tbsp. garam masala
Cumminseeds, coriander seeds and pepper to taste
2-3 green chillis, minced
1 onion, finely chopped
1 medium size lemon
2 tbsps. sugar
Salt to taste
A few mustard seeds
A pinch of turmeric powder
A pinch of asafoetida (hing)
Oil for frying

Soak the dal in warm water for about two hours. Wash and drain the dal. In a dekchi, heat 3 tablespoons of oil, put in mustard seeds, when they splutter, add asafoetida and chopped chillis. Put in onions and fry till light brown. Add dal and salt. Cover the dekchi and put water in it, so that the dal does not stick to the dekchi. Cook on a very slow fire. When dal is cooked, add garam masala, lemon juice and sugar and leave the mixture aside.

Wash the capsicums and make cut on one side of each capsicums and remove the seeds. Then fill in each capsicum with the prepared dal mixture and keep aside.

Prepare a thick batter (kheera) with gram and rice flour, adding a little salt in it. Coat each stuffed capsicum with the batter and deep fry in oil until golden brown. Serve hot with green chutney or tomato ketchup.

1 tomato
180 grams flour

Cut the meat in cubes, wash and put it into a saucepan, together with the chopped onions, paprika, salt and a little water. The onions may be fried first, if desired.

Let it simmer. When meat is almost tender, add the potatoes, cut in cubes, and sufficient water to make the required quantity. Simmer again until the meat is quite tender. Before it is quite done, add the sliced tomato. Make a dough of the flour, add one egg and a pinch of salt. Roll out very thin, cut into small squares and boil in the soup for a minute or two before serving.

FISH AND PRAWNS COOKED WITH MUSHROOMS AND DILL

Pomfret
Butter
Mushrooms
Prawns
Flour
Dill
Lemon juice
Egg
Salt to taste

Poach the pomfret fillet and keep aside. Melt butter in a pan, saute mushrooms and prawns, cut into small pieces, add flour and cook a little without colour, add chopped dill (soya bhaji) and finish with lemon juice and cream mixed with egg yolks. Add salt and check seasoning.

Place the poached pomfret in a dish, cover it with the above sauce.

Serve hot with boiled potatoes.

RAGOUT OF BEEF WITH POTATOES

1½ kg. beef, diced
90 grams lard
½ kg. onions
30 grams paprika
3 green paprikas
3 tomatoes
3½ gills sour cream
Salt and garlic to taste

Heat the lard. Fry the finely chopped onions a golden-brown, add the paprika and (if desired) a minute quantity of garlic. Stew the meat with meat with these ingredients over a quick fire till the water has evaporated. Then add 3 sliced green paprikas and tomatoes. Stew till the meat is tender. Stir a little flour into the sour cream, add it to the meat and bring to boil again. Serve with boiled potatoes. The flavour is more delicate if sweet cream is used instead of sour.

PANCAKES STUFFED WITH MINCED MEAT

PANCAKES

30 grams flour
3 eggs
4 litres milk
1 gram salt

STUFFING

2 litre oil
2 onions
3 grams chilli powder
60 grams minced mutton
2 grams salt
1 gram black pepper powder
2 grams flour

PANCAKES

Mix flour with eggs and salt. Make a thin batter with milk. Make the pancakes in a non-stick pan (preferably).

STUFFING

Take chopped onions and saute in oil, add a little garlic paste, put chilli powder to taste. Add minced mutton and cook till done.

Mix flour and a little sour cream and add to cooked mutton and finish cooking.

Roll the stuffing in the pancake, arrange it in a dish, two pancakes per portion, cover with chilli sauce and serve hot.

Garnish with cubes of capsicum and tomato.

STUFFED HUNGARIAN CHICKEN

3 chickens
50 grams chicken liver
1 gram parsley
1 onion, chopped
2 grams butter
2 grams black pepper powder
2 grams salt
20 grams mushrooms, chopped
A little boiled green peas
3 eggs
6 fresh white bread crumbs
Nutmeg

STUFFING

Saute chopped onion and mushrooms in butter with cubes of boiled chicken liver, add peas, chopped parsley, pepper powder, salt to taste. Grate nutmeg in it. Mix with fresh white bread crumbs. Break the eggs into it and mix. Check seasoning.

Take the whole chicken, clean it without breaking the skin. Remove the neck of the chicken and loosen the skin from the flesh. Stuff the stuffing in between the skin and the flesh. Place the chicken in a tray and sprinkle some oil on top of it and cook it in the oven at 250 deg. F for 30 minutes.

Serve hot with colourful vegetables, boiled and tossed in butter. Make sure that it looks very colourful with decorations.

recipes from our readers

Miss Suhita Mukundan, Calicut

Mrs. Rathnam P. Menon, Coimbatore

FISH BIRIYANI

½ kg. fish (pomfret or seer)
1 kg. fine rice
½ kg. ghee or oil
1" piece ginger
6 pods garlic
4 tbps. coriander powder
1 tbsp. garam masala powder
2 tsps. turmeric powder
½ kg. onions, chopped
1 bunch coriander
1 bunch mint
1 cup curd
1 tsp. black cumminseed
2 tsps. khushkhush
100 grams cashew nuts
Salt to taste

For korma, grind coriander and garam masala powder with scraped and crushed ginger, green chillis, garlic and chopped onions. Clean and cut the fish into ¼-inch thick pieces, wash well and smear with turmeric powder and salt. Fry in ghee or cooking oil and keep aside. Keep a flat bottomed dekchi on fire, heat ghee and fry the ground masala, add a little water and when boiling, stir in curd with ground khushkhush. When thick, add the fried fish to the korma and keep aside.

FOR BIRIYANI:

Take a heavy bottomed dekchi and fry cashew nuts and 2 large onions cut in circles. when browned, drain and remove. In the same ghee, fry rice till it is crisp. Add boiling water to stand 1-inch above the rice and cook till nearly done and the water absorbed. Now add only the korma (not the fish pieces) to the rice, sprinkle with chopped coriander and mint leaves and garam masala and toss to mix. Keep over slow fire for 10 minutes till done. While serving, first put the rice in the dish and arrange the fish slices on top. Garnish with fried onions, cashew nuts and lemon slices.

Note: Fish should be kept on top as otherwise it will break into pieces.

MUTTON KORMA

½ kg. mutton
1½ cups fresh thick curd
4 tbsps. ghee
2 large onions
1 lime
½ coconut, ground to fine paste
2" piece cinnamon
10 cardamoms
10 cloves
2 bunches coriander
10 medium green chillis
2 large pods garlic
10 grams ginger
4 tbsps. coriander seeds
1 tsp. peppersorns
½ tsp. cumminseed
Turmeric must not be added.

Grind to a fine paste the coriander seeds, pepper and cumminseeds. Crush separately the coriander leaves, green chillis, garlic and ginger. Wash and cut meat. Smear the paste, the crushed items, salt and the curds well over the meat. Heat ghee, fry cinnamon, cardamoms and cloves and add chopped onions. When the onions turn brown, add meat, stir well and cover with lid, keeping on fire. Open now and then and stir well. Keep boiled water handy to be added for gravy. Add ground coconut when mutton is half cooked. When meat is tender, remove from fire and add lime juice after five minutes. Serve hot.

Miss Lily Coelho, Bombay

CONDENSED MILK CAKE

350 grams refined flour
120 grams margarine or butter
2 tsps. baking powder
½ tsp. soda
1 tin condensed milk
2 large eggs, well beaten
¼ pint water
2 tsps. vanilla essence
A few chopped nuts or candied peals

Sift refined flour, soda and baking powder, three times and keep aside. Mix the condensed milk with quarter pint of water. Beat well with a rotary beater. In a mixing bowl, beat the butter with a wooden spatula, add flour and the beaten eggs. Pour in the diluted condensed milk and blend well for 15 minutes. Add vanilla essence. Let it rise for three hours. Pour into a well greased cake tin, add chopped nuts or candied peals and bake in a medium oven (350 deg. F.) for half an hour or till a needle inserted comes out clean. Cool on a rack.

Mamta Patel, Baroda.

1 weekly winner

Mrs. Zenita Williams of Tuticorin wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe.

DRUMSTICK AND MUTTON CURRY

1 kg. mutton
6 drumsticks
12 dry chillis
3 onions
3½ tsps. coriander
1½ tsps. cumminseed
2 tsps. peppercorns
2 tsps. mustard seeds
2 dstps. tamarind pulp
1 dstsp. vinegar
2" piece turmeric
8 cloves garlic
1" piece ginger
A few cardamoms
Salt to taste

Remove skin from drumsticks and cut them into pieces. Then lightly fry them in oil and keep aside. Cut the meat and wash. Grind coriander, cumminseeds, peppercorns, mustard seeds, chillis, ginger and garlic with vinegar. Heat oil and fry onions till brown, add cardamoms and the ground masala with little water and keep frying till the oil separates from the masala. Add meat and fry for 10 minutes. Season with salt and stir in 2 cups water. Let it simmer till meat is tender and gravy is thick. Ten minutes before removing, add drumsticks and tamarind pulp. Cover and simmer till done.

BEEF KOFTA

½ kg. lean minced beef
3-4 chillis, finely chopped
1 medium sized onions, finely chopped
2-3 cloves garlic, crushed
Salt and pepper to taste
A pinch of ground cinnamon
1 large egg
2 tbsps. plain flour
4-5 tbsps. ghee
2 onions, thinly sliced
1 small bunch coriander
1 tbsp. garam masala
1 pint fresh coconut milk
1 lemon

Blend the beef with the chopped chillis, onions and crushed garlic. Season with salt, pepper, cinnamon and blend with the beaten egg. Roll the mince between floured hands into small walnut size balls.

Heat 4-5 tablespoons of ghee and fry a few meat balls at a time, turning them carefully until evenly browned. Then drain and remove the fried balls.

Fry the sliced onions over low heat in the remaining ghee (remove a little ghee if it is more) until soft and transparent. Add the garam masala and cook for 5 more minutes, stirring all time.

Then add the coconut milk slowly and let it simmer for 2-3 minutes, correct seasoning and add a dash of lime juice. Cook the koftas in the above mixture for 25-30 minutes. Shake the pan gently from time to time. Add finely chopped coriander leaves and serve hot.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MOW THE LAWN IN THIS RAIN?
DON'T BUG ME, EMILY!
I'VE HAD IT WITH YOUR NAGGING! YOU'VE BEEN AFTER ME ALL WEEK TO MOW THE LAWN AND I'M GOING TO DO IT!!
EVEN IF IT MEANS I'LL GET SOAKED TO THE SKIN!
EVEN IF I CATCH MY DEATH OF COLD AND END UP IN THE HOSPITAL WITH DOUBLE PNEUMONIA!
OH, BOY!
I PROMISED TO DO IT AND I'M GOING TO DO IT! SO WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT?
BE SURE TO WEAR YOUR OLD CLOTHES -
?
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HA HA world of laughter

"So you are undertaking to keep bees?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Jones. "I don't want to miss anything, and I've been stung every other way there is."

* * *

"Your methods of cultivation are hopelessly out of date," said the youthful agricultural college graduate to the old farmer. "Why, I'd be astonished if you got even ten pounds of apples from that tree."

* * *

Rastus: "You sho' is one skinny niggah."

Sambo: "Look heah, black chile, you's is so thin that a backache and a stummick ache hit yo' in de same place."

* * *

Rastus: "Sambo, what am de usefullest animals der is?"

Sambo: "Chickens, sah."

Rastus: "Why chickens?"

Sambo: "Because yo' can eat dem befo' de is born and after dey is dead."

* * *

"Henry Simmons," asked the Judge severely," did you steal this man's saw?"

"Naw, suh, Judge — not me. I only took it for a joke."

"How far did you carry it?"

"Only from his house to mine — 'bout three miles."

"Ten days," the Judge sighed. "That was carrying a joke too far."

* * *

"I hear that Jim had an accident."

"Yes, someone gave him a tiger cub and said it would eat off his hand."

"Well?"

"It did."

* * *

"I know how to solve the unemployment problem."

"Many great men have tried and failed. How would you do it?"

"If we could place all the men on one continent and all the women on another continent, everybody would be busy in no time.

"Busy doing what?"

"Why, boat-building, of course."

* * *

"Say, did you know that Massachusetts is noted for boots and shoes?"

"Yes, and Kentucky is noted for shoots and booze."

* * *

"So you're not going to Paris this year?"

"No — it's London we're not going to this year; it was Paris we didn't go to last year."

* * *

"I suppose Thompson is the most pious fellow I know."

"Why he never struck me that way. I always thought him rather wordly."

"Well, I happen to know for a fact that he never kisses his girl without saying grace."

"Why, what in the world does he do that for?"

"That's her name."

* * *

"How did Freddie lose all his money? Preferred stocks?"

"No. Preferred blondes."

* * *

"When I get a cold I buy a bottle of whiskey for it, and within a few hours it's gone."

"My, that's a short time to get rid of a cold."

"Rid of the cold, hell! It's the whiskey that goes."

* * *

"My brother is working with 5000 people under him."

"Where?"

"Mowing lawns in a cemetery."

* * *

"So she turned you down, eh?"

"Yes, I made the mistake of confessing that my heart was in my mouth when I proposed."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Oh, she said she couldn't think of marrying a man whose heart wasn't in the right place."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

THE BAD BREATH PROBLEM

S. Perry

Bad breath is embarrassing and can cause worry to those who suffer from it. Socially it is a handicap. What are the causes and what steps should be taken to get rid of it? There are many types of breath odours or halitosis as it is known. The breath in the morning may be heavy with a nauseous smell. During the night, the flow of the saliva lessens together with the cleansing action of the tongue, or on the lips and inside the cheeks, which occurs during the day. We do not usually move the tongue when we are sleeping. The smell of the breath in the morning is accentuated by breathing in through the mouth or by a chronic illness. We seldom notice the odour of our breath as the air that we breaths passes out along the lower part of the nasal cavities, whereas the nerve endings for the sense of smell are situated in the upper part. Only by breathing into your cupped hands and sniffing the air can you know that your breath has an unpleasant odour.

Bad breath is not due to inadequate oral hygiene alone. Halitosis is a symptom rather than a disease. Its causes stem from the mouth and connecting passages or from the body. Some bad breath does originate in the mouth, often due to insufficient brushing of the teeth. Cleaning the teeth in the morning and before going to bed at night is not enough, for it leaves the mouth unclean for the other 16 hours or so. Therefore rinse the mouth well after every meal.

Food particles left between the teeth or under the dentures start decaying about half an hour after a meal causing bad odour. To prevent this, it is necessary to brush the teeth or rinse out the mouth, at least, immediately after every meal. Chewing gum, sweets and breath sweetners are not helpful in curing the causes of halitosis.

The tongue should also be brushed gently with a toothbrush. It may be coated with food particles buried in crypts and grooves on it. Gas producing bacteria thrive under such conditions generating bad smell. It was noted in a survey of sufferers from halitosis that 90 per cent of them had badly coated tongue. Foods such as crunchy vegetables like celery, crisp salads and raw fruits, including apples, can scour away some of the food debris.

False teeth should be cleansed well and regularly. Soak dentures in soap water for about half an hour every morning, brush them and rinse well in plain water before using them.

Most mouthwashes simply act as masking agents. The smell remains underneath, covered up temporarily by the new scent. Use warm water with some salt dissolved in it to rinse your mouth.

Bleeding gums, gum diseases and pyorrhoea often cause bad breath. Pyorrhoea, which is believed to be the most prevalent cause of halitosis, requires treatment. Infection of the sinus, throat and the tonsils are other factors to be considered and they call for medical attention.

Food such as onion and garlic give rise to breath odour. The particles decay rapidly in the region of the teeth. Milk often acts as a breath neutralizer and may be helpful. Shortage of vitamin B6 also leads to halitosis. Lack of vitamins C or D will at times irritate the liver and the intestines and so foul the breath. Odours from an upset stomach are absorbed by the blood-stream and carried through the liver to the lungs from where they are exhaled. These smells can cling to the lungs for as much as 48 hours or more.

Undigested food serves as a good breeding ground for bacteria. To help digestion yoghurt is helpful. When the stool has a bad odour it is more than likely that the breath will be foul too. Consult your doctor in such cases. Constipation itself, unless associated with gastritis, is not actually the cause of halitosis. Recent research shows that faults in the digestion of fats, or in the body metabolism can cause bad breath. In such cases, consuming fat and fat-containing dishes should be reduced. Use non-fat milk, margarine and unsaturated cooking fat in place of whole milk, butter and cheese.

Strict oral hygiene, brushing of teeth after every meal, and discretion in your diet will help you to get rid of bad breath

The food we eat plays quite an important part too. Smoking and drinking of alcohol will taint the breath unless the mouth is cleansed well. In some instances, chronic halitosis may be a symptom of a disease which requires medical treatment.

Strict oral hygiene, regular visits to the dentist, frequent brushing and rinsing of the teeth, and discretion in your diet can help you to get rid of bad breath. Halitosis is a personal problem and needs detailed and individual care and attention.

true confession

I WAS AFRAID OF AMPUTATION

A wife's real worth is seen only when a man is in real trouble, at least in my case it proved to be so. With a wife like that who would want to die?

I am a travelling salesman. Happily married to a lovely wife who has given me two cuddlesome children. One day, my tribulations started in a small way with a cut on the foot which I got when I stepped on a glass that my kids had smashed and strewn all over the floor. I didn't give much attention to the wound, except for daubing it with some antiseptic solution and covering it with a piece of sticking plaster. Two days later when I removed my socks, one felt wet. I saw that a little liquid had oozed out of the wound. But I didn't pay much heed. In fact, I just washed it again and put some ointment on it. I didn't even tell my wife Prabha because I thought it was a negligible thing.

Two days later, my foot got so swollen I couldn't put on my shoe. It hurt when I put it down on the floor. I was all dressed to go to office and was doing the final act of putting on my footwear. "Prabha," I called out. She came into the hall from the kitchen where she had been busy packing my lunch. There was some soot on her face.

"The gas is exhausted," she said. "I'm lighting the stove. Your lunch will take a few minutes more."

"Don't bother," I said. "I'm not going to office today."

"Why?" she asked. I held out my foot for her inspection.

She knelt down and examined it.

"How did it happen?" I told her.

"You ought to have got it dressed by a doctor," she said.

"I'll do that now. Can you call a taxi? I'll go and see Dr. Nath. Also, could you send a note to the office with Parmar. I'll just dash it off."

She got me pen and pad and I wrote saying I was sick and wouldn't be able to attend office that day. I felt sure I would be right as rain the next day.

She didn't come with me to the doctor because she had to attend to the kids.

Dr. Nath examined my foot.

"It's just an infected wound," he said. "It'll be O.K. I'll give you a course of penicillin injections."

He gave me one that very day and also dressed the wound, cleaning it with an antiseptic, dusting it with some powder and bandaging it deftly, that I had no doubt at all that it would heal overnight.

But I woke the next day with an awful throbbing sensation which made me grit my teeth. Prabha hovered round solicitously. I told her I would send another note to the office and I lay back with a groan against the pillows.

I didn't think I could make it to the taxi, hopping on one leg. So I asked for a stick. Even then Prabha had to assist me.

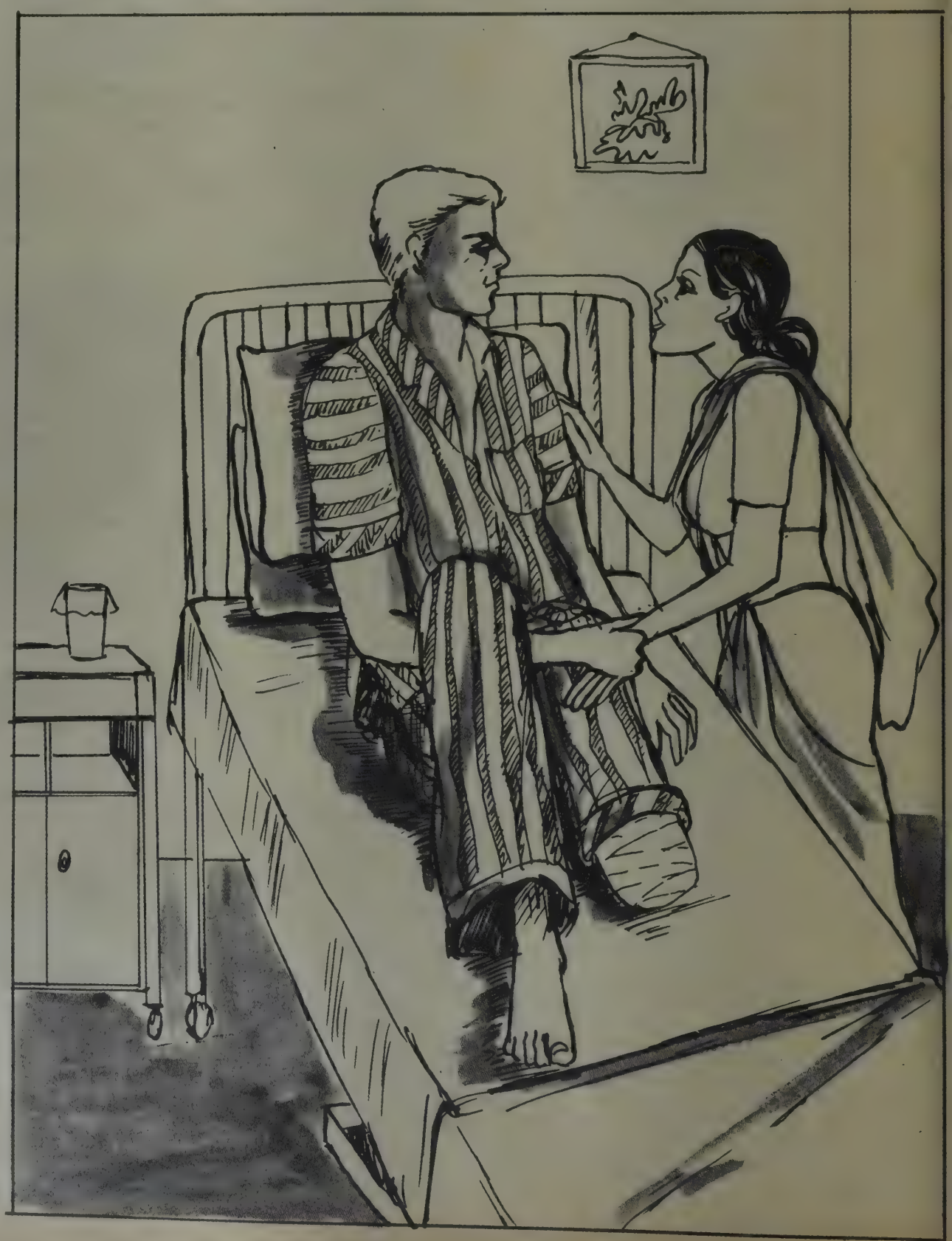
"You better come with me," I said. She bundled the kids into the cab too and we set out. The doctor was busy and we had to wait a long time. When he saw us he apologised profusely. He didn't know we had been waiting. He gave me another injection and renewed the dressing.

Prabha asked suddenly, "Doctor, are you sure there isn't a piece of glass inside? The wound doesn't seem to be healing at all." He told her he had made sure the wound was free of any fragments, when he dressed it the first day. I realised from his tone of voice that he was a trifle annoyed. Prabha had cast aspersions on his professional competence.

"Sometimes wounds don't react to just one injection," he explained to me. "You have to take the whole course."

But with each successive injection, my wound got worse and worse. On the day the last injection was due, Nath was perturbed himself. He jotted down the name of a specialist of his acquaintance and told me to get an X-ray taken.

We went home. I couldn't sleep a wink in spite of the pain killers prescribed by Dr. Nath. I had a raging fever. Parmar, my colleague, came to see me that day. He owned a car. He offered to take me to the X-ray specialist. The X-ray report came a day



later when I was writhing in agony. There was no abnormality in the bone. No break of any kind. The specialist had done his job. The ball was in Dr. Nath's court now.

"How old are you?" Parmar asked me, while Prabha made us all some tea.

"Not old enough to die," I quipped. In spite of the pain, I still possessed a wry sense of humour.

"Who said anything about dying?" asked Parmar squeezing my arm companionably. "I just wanted to preclude the possibility of diabetes."

"I don't have diabetes," I said.

"How do you know?" he asked.

"Well, I've been carrying on merrily consuming rice and sugar and potatoes galore and nothing has happened to me," I said, "except for the addition of ten or fifteen pounds in weight."

"You ought to get your urine and blood checked for sugar," he said. "I mean your wound not healing seems exceedingly queer to me."

After he had gone, I thought about it for a long time. What if I had contracted the disease gradually over the years, unknown to me? After all, my family did have a history of diabetes, and my predilection for sweets, my frequent thirst, my weight gain, all seemed significant pointers.

"Call a taxi," I said. "I want to go to a doctor."

"Dr. Nath isn't open yet," she said.

"Not Nath, I want to go to a reliable doctor." She fetched a taxi and we went straight to one of those exclusive clinics where you paid a fabulous sum just to sit facing the doctor. The man who saw me in his air-conditioned cabin did a very thorough examination and asked me why I had come so late.

"Late?" I asked. "It is just two weeks since I got this cut."

"Didn't you tell your physician you had diabetes?"

"I didn't know myself that I had diabetes," I replied.

"Your diabetes is at a very advanced stage," he said. "No wonder the wound didn't heal."

"Will it heal if you treat me for diabetes?" I asked him, hope struggling with fear.

"I'm putting you on a course of insulin injections immediately," he said, "and also writing out tablets and capsules that you must take religiously as instructed. But you have to be operated at once. The surgeon will be here in a couple of hours."

"But doctor . . ." I began.

"We can't delay this any longer," he said. "It would be suicidal."

As they wheeled me away on a stretcher, I asked, "What are they going to do?"

He looked me straight in the eye and probably decided I was man enough to take it. "They're going to amputate your leg," he said.

"No!" I screamed. I sat up on the stretcher, upsetting the balance and making it tilt dangerously.

In the quiet room where they put me in preparation for the amputation, I cried soundlessly, the tears just welling up out of my eyes. I wiped them hurriedly when Prabha came into the room with the two children on either side of her.

I couldn't speak, couldn't tell her her husband was soon going to be a burden on her. How could I get around in the type of job I had, if they cut off a limb? "I'll come in the evening," she said. She pressed my hand. "You'll be all right," she consoled.

When the surgeon came two hours later, I pleaded with him to spare my leg. He said he had to do this for my safety. The infection had eaten into the bone. But he assured me that I would be able to manage quite well with an artificial limb. I struggled and shouted and they had to hold me down and give me an injection. My eyes began to close of their own accord. I drifted away into painless oblivion.

When I awoke, the agony of the pain was unbearable. A nurse was in the room. She looked at me as soon as I opened my eyes and gave me a pill to swallow, a pain killer. I downed it with water. She held my head up to enable me to swallow it.

"I want to die," I said.

In the small, white room pervaded by the smell of antiseptic and haunted by wild fears, I conjured up a hundred ways to die. I thought of asking for a razor to shave myself and then nicking my wrists when no one was looking. I thought of wheedling the nurse to give me sleeping tablets to ward off my wakeful nights, then swallowing the entire lot at once while her back was turned. I thought of hanging myself from the ceiling fan.

Those days were the tensest ones I have ever known. And while I lay filled with suicidal thoughts, my wife pawned her every ornament to pay my colossal hospital bills.

On the day they discharged me, she came to fetch me in a simple white saree with sindoor on her forehead and flowers in her hair. In the taxi I could not hold back the tears, but she was calm and held my hand almost in the way my long-dead mother had done when I fractured my arm as a child.

"What happened to your ornaments?" I asked.

"Don't I look as beautiful without them?" she hedged.

"You sold them, didn't you?"

"I've taken up a job now," she said. "Teaching in a school."

"Where are the children?"

"With mother," she said. "She came and fetched them when I told her what . . ." She couldn't go on.

"I want to see them," I said.

"We will fetch them by and by," she replied brushing a wisp of hair from her eyes, "when you regain your strength."

I drew her hand to my mouth and kissed it.

I was glad now that I hadn't yielded to the wild impulse to kill myself. How could I have ever dreamt of committing suicide, when I had a wife who was prepared to sacrifice so much for my happiness? Yes, there were a hundred other ways in which I could make my living, as countless others did without being sales officers.

"I love you Prabha," I said. Then I leant back against the seat and closed my eyes because I was too overcome to say anything more.

DARE TO DREAM AGAIN

S. Banerjee

The strains of "I could have danced all night" rolled gently around me, creating a pool of serenity. The soft lighting gave the bright mirror-work cushions a glowing look, like some setting from a romantic era — nostalgically romantic.

Through the glass walls the slow waves of the placid sea could be seen catching the moonbeams and turning into molten silver. A more relaxed and peaceful scene than any I had seen so far. But I was far from feeling relaxed. In fact, I could positively count my nerve endings, so tense and tingling were they.

Footsteps sounded behind me, muffled by the carpet, but the Coke clutched tightly in my hand spilt on the carpet, coalescing to form one big, dark drop sparkling with hidden lights. The music ebbed to a stop, and he switched it off. I could hear the creak of the chair as he settled down comfortably, and the rustling of the paper as he turned the pages.

I knew he desperately wanted us to have a child again, but it wasn't any use. Not that I cared any the less for him, but somehow, we couldn't make contact through the plate-glass I had erected around myself. I had willed myself to forget that ghastly day when our five-year-old child had been killed along with numerous others in the notorious school-bus accident. And the fact that my grief was the grief of dozens of other mothers did not help to reconcile me to my loss.

She had been just five, not that her age made much of a difference. I had been scared stiff of having her, and had been a shivering bundle of nerves. He used to sit up with me night after night, trying to soothe me down. Her birth, consequently, was not an easy one. I had been very proud of myself, and of her too, after the struggle. The pride had changed into an obsession. I couldn't think without my thoughts having some relation to her. I'm sure now that I would have made a terrible mother had she lived to grow older.

The day she died, I kept kidding myself that she had gone over to my parents. Finally, I realised I wouldn't see her any more. After that I started, involuntarily, cutting myself off from everything. Everything brought memories of her and I couldn't face that.

I gradually grew aware of the fact that I was once more alone in the room. He must have gone to bed. I felt guilty about him — the days I could feel enough to feel guilty — but I couldn't bear facing him, too. He reminded me too much of her, especially when he looked grave and puzzled as he perpetually did nowadays.

My glance fell at that moment on an exercise book, full of her childish scribblings. She had wanted to write, and used to practise at improving her handwriting. Stealing myself, I picked it up, but my fingers were locked — try as I would, I couldn't turn the pages.

Hypnotised, I stared hard at the open page, until the jumble resolved itself into words. This certainly wasn't any child's writing. It was obviously a quote copied down from somewhere and hastily written: "Never say you've reached the end... There's always something more. . Something grand and wonderful to strive and struggle for... Don't build walls around yourself or shroud the windowpane. Look out on the distant view and dare to dream again!"

KUWAIT—
a model welfare state

Kamala Kumar

The country sitting on a sea of oil uses its vast wealth to give its citizens cradle-to-grave social security, whether it is education, health or employment

Kuwait, a tiny Sheikhdom on the Arabian Gulf, is the subject of many articles and several books. Emphasis is always placed on the country's oil wealth and the speed with which a traditional society is being swept away by the impact of the mammoth inflow of petro-dollars. With an annual revenue of over 8 billion dollars, it has the highest per capita income and is perhaps one of the unique countries with recurring budgetary surpluses — the dream of policy planners.

Kuwait has shattered all records in becoming "a true welfare state", for it is a country without any form of tax (income, wealth, gift or sales).

It is a country where people do not have to pay telephone bills or car tax. Electricity, cooking gas, petrol and many other necessities are within the reach of the common man.

It is a country where offices, private establishments, shops and residential complexes are centrally air-conditioned. It is a country where excellent social security schemes in the form of free medical aid, free education, subsidized housing, old age pensions, etc. are provided.

According to 1974 statistics, Kuwait has 287 schools, where 169,417 students, both boys and girls, are enrolled in kindergarten, primary, Intermediate and secondary schools. They have 12,607 teachers teaching in these schools, giving a teacher-student ratio of 1:13 which is excellent by any standards.

Since they do not have co-education, they have built huge schools for both boys and girls. They are airy and well-constructed. Each locality in Kuwait has kindergarten, primary, Intermediate and secondary schools. Unlike in India, every Kuwaiti child, rich or poor, goes to the government-run schools as they have excellent education programmes, free transport, uniforms, books and mid-day lunch.

The kindergarten and primary school children get milk, bread and fruits and in winter they get soup in addition.

The Intermediate and secondary school children get soup, sandwiches and fruits.

The meals are prepared in a central kitchen with the most modern equipment at the cost of five million pounds. It was established in 1955.

The food is hygienically prepared by 1550 cooks and waiters who cook on an 8-hour shift basis. The prepared meat is kept in steel containers and sent in 57 refrigerated distribution vans to the various schools.

It is a thrilling experience to visit the central kitchen with its highly automatic equipment. It is kept absolutely clean in spite of its large turn-over of finished packed meals.

The bread making unit is completely automatic. Wheat flour is sieved in electric sievers and the flour is mixed with yeast and vitamins in electric kneaders.

The prepared dough is put in trays and kept in electric ovens for baking. They have huge ovens which have the capacity to bake 400 loaves at a time. The baked bread is kept in air-cooled rooms for cooling. The cooled bread is passed on to 14 automatic slicers. The sliced bread travels on a conveyor belt where bearers add cheese, butter, tomato, and eggs. The end product is neatly made sandwiches in a paper carton ready for distribution.

Rotating steel drums to make soup for school children.

Milk is prepared out of milk powder. The powder is mixed in sterilised stainless steel containers with water. The prepared milk is sent in stainless steel pipes to a unit where the milk is filled in paper cartons and cups and sealed.

Soup is prepared from vegetables and meat. They have automatic peelers which can peel a sack of potatoes in 10 minutes.

The peeled vegetables and meat are put in steel rotating drums and are cooked in gas. They have 24 rotating steel drums to prepare the soup. The drums have a mechanical device by which the prepared soup is directly poured into insulated steel containers for distribution.

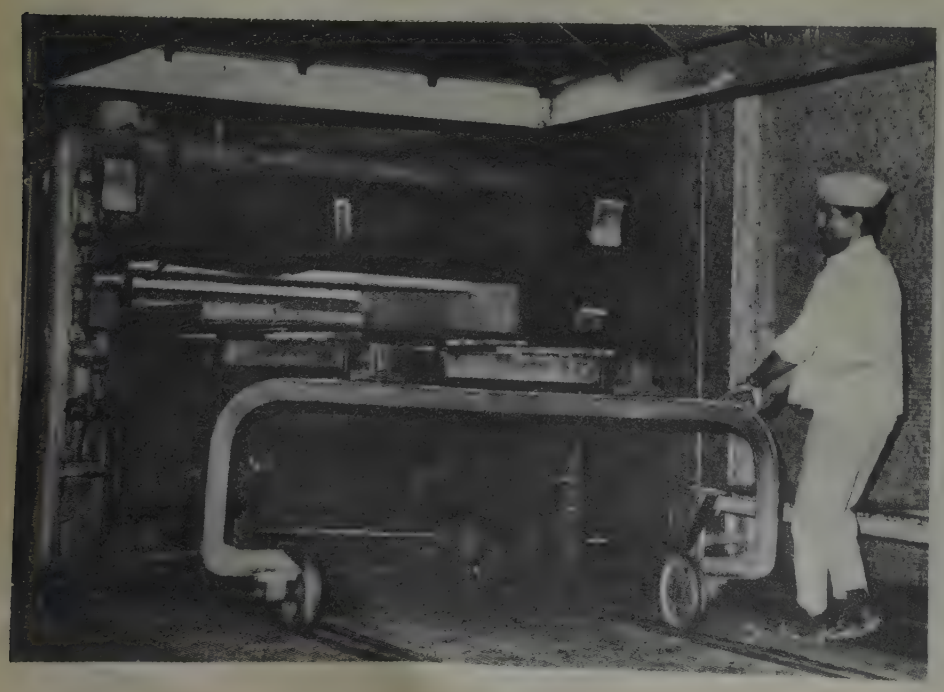
The kitchen has a well kept cold storage, a store room to stock fresh and dry food stuffs. They have eight deep freeze units to store milk, meat and eggs. The eggs are passed on a conveyor belt to an egg rejecting machine which separates bad eggs. They have butchers to cut the meat.

Fruits are stored in air cooled rooms. They store at a time 300,000 apples, bananas and oranges.

The store room where dry food is kept is air cooled and wire netted to prevent rodents and other pests. The store is neatly stacked with rice, flour, ghee, sugar, milk-powder, spices and tomato paste. It is such an unusual sight to see a well-kept store room free from pests, rodents, lizards and cockroaches.

The end product of all this work is sent to schools for distribution during lunch time to make the Kuwait children healthy, strong and useful citizens of Kuwait. This should be the dream of every nation — to provide its future citizens with the best the state can provide.

A bread baking unit.



Sandwiches being made and packed.

RAJNI UPASANE:

COURAGE OF HER CONVICTION

She showed extra-ordinary courage during the Emergency, and the people chose her as their M.L.A.

Rajni Upasane has been elected to the M. P. Vidhan Sabha from Raipur town, defeating a strong Congress candidate by over 4500 votes. She has been elected not so much because of the Janata wave as because of her integrity, simplicity and dedication to her cause. She is not an orator and few people knew her though she has been associated with the Jan Sangh, now a constituent unit of the Janata Party, since the last six years. She courted arrest in a number of Jan Sangh satyagrahas at Raipur and Bhopal and had also joined the famous Delhi demonstration led by Mr. Jaya Prakash Narayan, but all this never brought her to the limelight in Raipur.

Belonging to the middle class, Rajni has four sons and her husband is a sales inspector in a private tea company. Forty-four year old Rajni is only a matriculate. She has kept herself aloof from platforms and other media of publicity. The pressmen of Raipur came to know of her only when she was given the Janata party ticket for the Raipur urban seat, which she had never expected nor striven for. All these years she has been interested only in service and not in status.

Her eldest son, a sub-editor in a local daily, was arrested immediately after the promulgation of Emergency, while two other sons were arrested later while distributing some anti-Emergency lit-

erature. Rajni's real organisational capacity, courage and dedication to her cause came to be known during the twenty months of the Emergency. Her three-room house was the main centre for the entire underground activities of those who opposed the Emergency. The underground literature was written and typed or cyclostyled in her home. Underground leaders sometimes came to her house to eat and often stayed there. The police who wanted to involve Rajni also, shadowed her and searched her residence four times, but could not find anything suspicious, and every time Rajni managed to escape arrest to continue her underground activities.

Some of the shadowers even reported that Rajni was not involved in any anti-Emergency activity, but the underground knew her contribution to their cause and offered her the ticket from the Raipur urban constituency when elections were announced.

Rajni is happy that her husband and her sons help her in maintaining the house well, which enables her to devote time to her party work. Polite, humble and simple, Rajni told an interviewer that in her public life she had always tried not to hurt anyone's sentiments or honour, and in the election campaign also, she never made any personal reference to any other candidate.

The Congress had been capturing this seat since the last two decades, but Rajni succeeded in securing it, defeating a stalwart who was considered a certainty. She is concerned about the backwardness of most Indian women and maintains that women can be a success in every sphere of life if only they try hard enough and that women prominent in public life must work for this.

During the entire election campaign, Rajni spoke only at one or two meetings and that too only a few sentences, as against some of the versatile orators who were opposing her. Wherever she went with her small group, she was given a red carpet reception and warm welcome, as all had come to know the organisational capacity and contribution of "Rajni Tai" (sister Rajni) as she is popularly known today. When somebody asked her, did you ever hope during the twenty months of Emergency that democracy would return to India someday, she replied without hesitation, "I had full confidence that democracy would be restored in India. I was also confident that dictatorship would never last very long. It was in that hope that I worked and risked so much during the Emergency."

M. V. Kher

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MCA-PD-55

from dream to reality

Vernon Thomas

He cut such a heroic figure, Supriya promptly fell in love with him with all the ardour of a fourteen-year-old girl, but his Achilles' heel showed and the image was shattered

About three weeks after she'd set eyes on him she decided she was in love. Decided he was like one of her story book heroes. A dreamer, a hopeless romantic, she had lived in a world of fantasy from as far back as she could remember — a world peopled with fairies and goblins from the time she was six; dashing princes and beautiful princesses from the age of ten.

Now, at fourteen, her worlds of fantasy and reality had merged, come to life in the person of Suresh Sen, the handsome newcomer to their co-ed class. Almost since the day he had arrived she'd been observing him closely, both in and out of the classroom. And though he had joined a fortnight late, he had picked up fast. He was good at everything, she soon discovered; from studies to making the other students laugh. On the playing field too he was outstanding, quickly earning the reputation of "best cricketer," "best volley ball player."

He was the most. There was no one like him, she decided, the day she witnessed him pick up the cudgels on behalf of little Anil Pal, to give Ranabir Mitra, the school bully, a sound thrashing. He reminded her of those gallant heroes in her story books, braving wind and weather and conquering all to rescue those damsels in distress. And with that she knew she was in love.

"You're crazy, Supriya!" her classmate and best friend, Rina, laughed when she confessed her feelings about Suresh.

"Crazy I am!" she admitted, laughing too. "But there's no harm in being in love, is there?"

"No harm, I guess. But he hasn't spoken to you yet," pointed out Rina always practical minded.

"Oh, he will! Some day!"

"Some day! What then?"

"That I'll decide when the time comes," she answered — and continued to dream her dreams. Suresh and she in a medieval setting — Suresh rescuing her from so many dangers! And closer to reality, Suresh and she seeing a movie together, holding her hand to show her he cared.

Then, shortly after, he spoke to her. Before the geography class one day, he asked for the loan of her pencil sharpener. Greatly flustered, her cheeks warming slightly, her hand trembled as she handed it to him. And as he took it from her and their fingers touched, it was a moment in time. Time stood still as she basked in his smile, which was just for her.

Thereafter she could hardly concentrate on the lesson. Their teacher pulled her up twice for day-dreaming.

"I suppose you want to marry him," teased Rina, on the way home from school that same evening.

"I suppose I do," she confessed. "Though that will be later, when we are both older."

"Aren't you a bit too young for such thoughts?" asked Rina philosophically. "Remember what teacher said that day, when Anuradha wore lipstick to class. There's a time for everything!"

"A time for wearing lipstick, of course," she agreed. "But loving, that's a different matter."

And though Rina argued, she paid scant attention. Her mind was so full of Suresh that once home she could hardly settle to her homework. She sat dreaming over her books. While at dinner she lost her appetite.

"Not feeling well? You seem to be off your food," remarked her mother.

But she shook her head, said she was quite well though not hungry. Of course she couldn't tell her mother the true cause, she felt. Her mother would never understand.

In class next day, her homework unprepared, she found herself in trouble. Besides receiving a sound telling-off, she was detained after class, writing a task which made her hands ache and almost brought tears to her eyes. Almost, because surprisingly enough, Suresh was detained too — for the same reason. Seated at the other end of the room, similarly occupied, he was both a consoling and a disturbing presence.

No doubt she was indignant on Suresh's behalf. It wasn't his fault, she knew. Still their teacher had not accepted his excuse, that his mother had been ill the previous evening. Most unjust! thought Supriya as she scribbled away.

As they finished, and she thought next of the walk home, through the park in the gathering darkness, she knew a moment of fear. She thought of those dark, shadowy trees and involuntarily she shuddered.

"Feeling cold?" he asked, coming up to her desk. And as she shook her head, he asked, "May I drop you home?" to her intense relief.

At once she felt secure. Just the thought of him by her side, the thought of being in his company, dispelled her fears. Now, the park with its shadowy trees was no longer a menace. In fact, the world of the park promised to be just theirs alone, with Suresh, her valiant prince, and she, his princess to be rescued from whatever danger they might chance upon.

As they left the school premises she walked by his side with growing confidence. And as he spoke and she felt easier in his

presence, she found herself answering more readily, fumbling less for words. He talked on interesting subjects, and as she listened, hanging to his every sentence, she hardly realised they had already entered the park, were progressing down the deserted, darkening path.

Then all of a sudden, things happened with a rush. Suddenly there was this great big Alsatian, bounding out of the shadows, bounding up to them barking furiously.

An instant of panic! The terror of being bitten! About to scream, she recognised the dog. . . Brownie! From next door! Her great pal!

"Prownie!" she cried, relief seeping through her. "What are you doing here? Loafing as usual, you naughty doggie!"

And as she turned to explain to Suresh, she realised he wasn't there. As she glanced around, searching for him, she heard him call to her from behind a tree.

"Supriya, you'd better hide! That dog looks dangerous."

Hearing which, she could hardly control her laughter. Though he joined her on receiving reassurance, somehow she had a feeling of being let down. He had failed to conform, had acted quite unlike those heroes in her story books, she realised.

And though he apologised, explaining he had always been afraid of large dogs, somehow she failed to find an excuse for him — for having left her to her fate. With that, the remainder of the walk through the park proved quite disappointing. For those dark, shadowy trees inspired fear once more. But she looked to Brownie, trotting by her side, for protection.

By the time she reached her gate and said good night she felt rather indifferent, quite cold towards him in fact. He wasn't the hero she had thought he was, she decided, as she slipped indoors. . . But perhaps therein lay the difference between real life and story book heroes! Unlike their story book counterparts real life heroes did plop at times.

Which truth she felt she couldn't stomach somehow. She'd rather have her story book heroes in that case. . . For the present at least! Because, who knows in time how she'd feel!

Then, as she remembered her studies of a sudden she thought: On with the homework tonight! Or else there'll be the devil to pay, tomorrow!

AN OPINION ON THE MODERN GIRL

Tara Ali Baig

The writer takes a dim view of the modern girl as an educated flibbertigibbet who proves a poor home maker and a liability to the man she marries

Something is radically changing in the lives of our young women. In the old days, the marriage columns in newspapers, a good social yardstick, featured household skills as the major bait for a husband. Today it is the college degree. Boys who advertise seem to have suddenly developed a thirst for erudite wives. Do they really want girls who can be partners and helpmeets in business and politics, or is there something else behind all this?

Education for girls should mean enlarging their horizons and capabilities to lead a life of greater accomplishment and fulfilment, and to break free from the stifling confines of orthodoxy and traditionalism Has education really done this for girls, or are they now caught unwittingly between two systems?

As far as the urban marriage market is concerned, arranged marriages continue to be prevalent and, in this system, many considerations beyond a girl's happiness or a couple's suitability are involved. In many cases, in fact all too many, money is the most important issue. It follows that many boys want a match with a girl who can contribute to the family fortune.

But imagine their dismay when they get a girl, with a sizable dowry, only to discover that though educated, she does not have the faintest notion about old-fashioned household skills. City bred, with an affluent background, her status concepts are based upon a household of servants to look after her. In many nouveau riche households upbringing consists of giving orders, never doing anything oneself. If education "liberated" such a girl from ordinary housework, she was too busy after graduation taking part in amateur dramatics, dabbling in poetry and avant garde art or modelling for money and pleasure in fashion shows or for advertising firms. There was never any question either of doing social or household work before marriage, but the whole thrust was to get a job and a salary.

All her modernism was reserved for these activities, but she remained traditional to the core in her attitude towards the lower classes and the belief that the servant system is forever. Never having been abroad, it is not surprising that she is ignorant of the fact that the western liberated women she copies, clean and polish their homes, cook for their families, rear children without help and manage careers with competence. When Indian career girls find work abroad they are often appalled by the domestic chores they have to do. Regardless of the domestic appliances that are supposed to make the western housewife's task absurdly simple, their flats are a shambles and kitchens grimy.

At home mothers or servants were there to do the needful. Girls had never learned the first principles of household care and cleanliness. Some girls, of course, pick up foreign ways quickly and return to India good cooks and home-makers. But at home all too large a number of educated upper class girls are becoming a social problem to their husbands and families when they marry. Servants may be getting more and more scarce, but the untrained yet educated girl often has a curious built-in resistance to housework, as though cleaning, cooking and marketing are strictly for the lower classes. Dodging the necessity of maintaining a spotless house, she will fill it instead, if she has the money, with more paintings, more bric brac and more of the latest style in furniture, but in her kitchen, grease and cockroaches predominate; walls, cellings or crevices where dirt collects are never cleaned and silver begins to look like lead.

Houseowners who look at the grubby interior on the departure of such a housewife sympathise with those who advertise their flats "for Europeans only."

Where such a girl has to live in a traditional or modernised joint family, the personal problems between her and her in-laws get more and more aggravated every day. It has always been customary to blame the mother-in-law for all joint family problems, and she did indeed play a sinister role in the past. In the present too, crimes and suicides often tell of ill-treatment of a daughter-in-law. But that too is changing. If a recent TV advertisement exhorts mothers-in-law to relax before a TV set "because the son's wife does nothing to help her in the house," it is a symptom of a new problem in family relationships.

The joint family had its own way of functioning, often hard on individual members, but which assured that daily life went on smoothly. If the educated girl is suddenly translated into such a setting, and refuses in many subtle and overt ways to cooperate or induces her husband to take sides with her, there is inevitably friction.

If she is also irresponsible, refuses to clean, dust and help in the house, wakes up late and leaves her own room a shambles of dirty clothes, rumpled bed covered with magazines, hairpins and biscuit crumbs, spending her time at the hairdressers and wondering what kind of job she can take up to allay boredom, there is bound to be trouble.

At some stage couples like this quarrel with the family and go off to live on their own. In other cases conflict can reach a pitch of drama that can end in tragedy. Where a girl refuses to do the work herself, her husband often does the dirty work, but in the end, tiring of this role, they drift apart. Such a girl seems to prefer living in dirt and disorder rather than change her ways. But in the end she is the loser. The home-making role may be a stereotype, but no society anywhere in the world has found a substitute for woman as the one who nurtures, cares for and prevents decay.

The modern Indian girl, if she wants the liberty and self-expression of her western counterpart, has to reconcile herself to performing a dual role, and not switching roles from home-maker to career woman. To the talents of a conservative Indian mother and grandmother she will have to add education's burden of being a wage-earner. But she cannot get away with the career part only. Not today when servants are scarce, and in another twenty years, may not be available at all.

PRETTIER THAN ANY FLOWER

Eleanor Bobb

Vegetables in the front garden? Well, the plants do look pretty with their slender stems, green leaves and colourful flowers, and the vegetables are so delicious

I dropped in quite unexpectedly to visit my niece one morning. Unexpectedly, because in the summer one does not normally go calling in the morning — that's usually done in the evening, once the sun has set and one can sit out on the tiny lawn and sip a cool drink. I opened the gate and walked in, admiring the greenness of the well-kept little lawn, when the flower beds caught my eye. They looked so lovely with tall green plants with strangely familiar leaves and for a moment I wondered what they were and then I suddenly knew and screamed "Tikki!"

My niece came running out. "Hello Aunt," she greeted me.

"You are growing maize in your flower beds!" I shrieked.

Tikki laughed. "Well," she said, "I think they are much prettier than any flowers I can grow, and they are so cool and green and the children are looking forward so eagerly to picking ears of corn themselves. They have never seen corn growing before and this is a whole new experience for them."

I looked at her with growing respect and admiration. "What a marvellous idea!" I said.

"Well, my back is all paved up," Tikki explained.

"Yes, so is mine," I agreed and we went in.

I rushed home later and assessed what I had. A wider, longer lawn. In the beds we had some faded looking zinnias, some double balsams, a few bachelor's buttons and a whole bed of "Fire Bushes."

It was too late in the summer to do very much, but as soon as the monsoon came I planted a few trees. A lemon tree in the corner by the front bedroom. "Lemon tree very pretty and the lemon flower smells sweet!" At the other end I planted a peach tree. In the middle of the outer length of the lawn I planted two papaya trees and at one end of the same bed I put in a banana and at the other end a guava.

"What the. . . do you think you are doing?" growled my husband. "Whoever heard of papayas and bananas growing in a front garden?"

"Well, now you've seen for yourself that it can be done," I said.

Winter came and I did nothing except tend my trees with loving care. It's quite surprising how quickly some trees grow. My bananas shot up and were over twelve feet tall and so beautifully green and fresh. The papayas were my height and putting out new leaves all the time. The lemon and guava were progressing less spectacularly. The usual flowers in the beds bloomed and we sat out in the sunshine and admired them, while I bided my time.

In February the flowers started to wilt and look sorry for themselves. By the end of the month I had them all yanked out. I got a load of "khath" and had the beds dug up and widened slightly. One cannot afford to eat into the precious lawn too much.

On half of the long bed at the far side of the lawn I had a double row of okra (bhindi) planted. On the other half I put down corn and eggplant alternately. My mali thought I had taken leave of my senses. In the short bed by the wall dividing us from our neighbours, I put karelas (bitter gourd), and in front of the veranda, by the jasmine creeper, I planted a couple of gourds (tori) and marrows (laoki). In the short bed by the driveway I had capsicum put in.

When the plants were large enough to be identified there was a row. My husband roared at me, "How stupid can you get? You've planted vegetables in the front garden!"

"Just you wait and see," I said soothingly, "they'll be just as pretty as flowers and far more useful."

He was not convinced, but did not interfere. By April the okra was flowering — pale yellow cups, and the tori and laoki had crept up the strings I had tied to the terrace railings. Their large, green leaves gave us welcome shade from the afternoon sunshine. The karela climbed merrily all over the dividing wall and burst into bright yellow flowers. The brinjal was rather slow, but the corn flourished and made a lovely show, and the capsicum plants looked so pretty.

Mina, my ayah, was thrilled with what I was doing and every morning she inspected each plant and counted every flower. By the middle of April she brought in the first lot of bhindis and we beamed at each other. She cooked them for lunch and the whole family agreed that they tasted better than any bazaar bhindies. The karelas are a joy to look at. The flowers are so gay — sorry, wrong word these days — cheerful, and dance merrily in the breeze and gleam gold at night.

Visitors who sit on my lawn in the late evening exclaim, "What a lovely creeper — whatever is it? Never seen it before."

"Karela," I say, carelessly casual.

"Karela!" they gasp aghast.

"Yes, kerela," I smile sweetly. "Would you like to see the rest of my garden?" and I go to switch the outside light on.

The reactions are mixed as my friends look at the beds of vegetables. Some think it is a wonderful idea, some are noncommittal and some are frankly disapproving at my misuse of the front garden. But my family and I are happy. Even my twenty-year-old son, who hardly looked at the flowers, now comes and offers, quite casually, of course, "Mother, there are some toris hanging a little out of reach for you. Would you like me to take them down for you?" And he brings them in with such pride.

The karelas have grown in abundance on the few vines we planted and Mina murmurs with understandable pride, "Not a single bad one" as she prepares them for cooking. There are tiny papayas on one tree and a huge purple cone has appeared in the largest banana tree. The capsicum plants are hung with the most beautiful green belis — some of which we have already eaten — and we are going to reap a good crop of corn.

Come wintertime, I'll grow flowers again. Winter vegetables need more room and take so long to grow. Cauliflowers bear only one cauliflower per plant — so also cabbages. Bulbuls eat up all the peas and I have never had much success with tomatoes. Maybe I'll put down some brinjals as they do so well in the winter, and some chillies. And between the flowers and vegetables, I'll plant garlic. I have been told that planting garlic keeps the soil healthy and free from disease-bearing parasites. We will see. But our summer garden has been the best we have ever had and the most fun.

PLANT A TABEBUIA IN '77

Tabebuias, native to Central and South America, are still relatively exotic and rare in India. Originally imported some forty years ago to cities such as Bangalore and Calcutta, they are practically unknown elsewhere. Ideal for Indian conditions, Tabebuias are certain to please tree lovers. They are outstandingly beautiful, easy to grow, extremely hardy and surprisingly free from pests and diseases.

Belonging to the family "Bignoniaceae", which has trumpet shaped flowers, Tabebuias are available in a number of species and their hybrids provide the selective tree lover with a choice of colours ranging from bright pink and violet to deep yellow, as well as a choice of size — big, medium and small — suitable for every conceiveable site — parks, gardens and roads.

Tabebuias are fast growing and flower early, sometimes within three years of planting. Some species flower several times a year and others in winter or early spring with the bloom lasting for about three weeks. Some Tabebuias have glossy leaves and these are sufficiently salt resistant to permit their use near sea fronts, others withstand inundation for extended periods and others are suited for dry climates.

Free seeds and saplings

Tabebuias have been grown intensively in Jamshedpur and Pune by the horticultural department of TELCO. The department has offered free seeds and saplings for distribution to tree lovers by the Friends of the Trees.

Readers who would like free seeds should write to the **Friends of the Trees, Army and Navy Building, 148, Mahatma Gandhi Road, Bombay 400 023** enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. Saplings will only be available to readers who can arrange to personally pick them up from the **Friends of the Trees or the TELCO nursery in Pune** after prior appointment.

Seeds germinate very quickly and seedlings grow to about ½m within a year.

HISTORY IS FUN

D. Venkat Rao

When kings knew no constitutional restraints, they could indulge in quixotic fads and foibles–some funny, some downright sadistic

Contrary to the usual notion, history can be highly interesting and provide good entertainment besides enlightenment. The annals of mankind are rich with the deeds, misdeeds and queer deeds of all types of crowned heads — wise and unwise, dignified and frivolous, rakish and chaste. A glance through the pages of history can be a highly rewarding experience as the following instances will show.

There was a Sultan of Gujarat who had an amazing appetite. Muhammad Bigarah, for that was his name, used to consume one cup of honey and another of butter besides a hundred or hundred and fifty plantains every morning. At all times of the day he was eating something or other. When he retired for the night, his servants used to keep on either side of his couch five seers of boiled rice with lots of delicacies so that on whichever side he woke up, he had something to eat!

Eating and drinking are as closely allied as summer and heat. Humayun undermined his vigour and empire by his excessive love for the cup that inebriates. He was also fond of women. He makes no secret of his love of the cup. He wrote in his memoirs, "My potions rose to twenty cups of doubly distilled spirits, fourteen during the day time and the remainder during the night."

His second son Prince Khuram was singularly free from this vice which killed two of his brothers. Till his twenty-fourth birthday, he was a teetotaller. On that day, his father delivered a long sermon on the virtues of drink, quoting profusely authorities in support of his queer theories. For long the prince remained unconvinced, but in the end gave in to his father's persistent importunities.

On the battle field of Khanwah, Babur took a solemn vow of abstinence and ordered all the golden cups and goblets to be broken and the pieces given away in charity to fakirs and dervishes. Alauddin, the amorous Khilji Sultan, after serious enquiry and discussion, found that wine turns men's minds in the direction of sedition; hence he ordered all the utensils to be broken and, anticipating the prohibitionists of our times, he forbade the use of intoxicating drinks in Delhi.

Some kings entertained peculiar notions of royal dignity, others used to mix very freely with all sorts of people. Sikandar Lodi thought he should dine alone, that it was undignified for a prince to dine with others. But he had a queer way of practising his opinion. He would invite learned men of the realm to dinner. After the dishes were served, the Sultan would start eating without asking the guests to follow suit. After finishing his meal, he would ask the learned men to take their dinner home and eat at leisure.

Balban of the slave dynasty always appeared before his servants in his full regalia. He even forbade laughter in his presence and those who indulged in it were severely punished. Forgetting his own humble origin, he despised people of low birth and never permitted them to approach him. Once he refused a gift of some lakhs from a man who had made a fortune, because he could not claim high pedigree.

Aurangzeb shunned pleasures of every kind. Cold and calculating by temperament, the puritanical emperor made his court the most dull and dreary one in the world. He despised music and dismissed all the court musicians. One Friday, very holy for Muslims, the musicians said to him that they were going to bury music as his order had killed it. The Emperor replied, "Bury it deep, so that it may not raise its head again." His puritanical hand fell with equal severity on dancing girls and public women, whom he ordered to choose between exile and marriage!

In sharp contrast to these, we find monarchs totally unaware of the importance of their status. It was the peculiar habit of Mubarak Khilji to boast of his profanity and loose morals. Often he dressed himself in female attire with his body covered with trinkets; he went out into the city in the company of harlots and danced at the houses of his nobles.

Of a charming disposition was Bahlol Lodi, the founder of the Lodi dynasty. He was eminently qualified to teach lessons in humility to our V. I. Ps. who are never tired of advertising their importance. He moved with his friends and noblemen on terms of complete bonhomie. At social gatherings he refused to sit on a high pedestal, but was satisfied with a carpet on the floor.

If he thought he had given offence to any of his noblemen, he would go to him and, placing the sword on the ground, solicit forgiveness and say that he would give up the throne if he thought he was unworthy of it.

Feroz Tughlak, the brother of the more famous (or infamous) Muhammad Tughlak, was so kind that he advanced money to a poor foot soldier so that he could bribe his officer and get his leave sanctioned!

The infamous record of crime and atrocities of some would put to shame Hitler and Yahya Khan. When Chengiz Khan took Bokhara, he mounted the great mosque and issued the general order to plunder. When his soldiers reported that some rich men had swallowed precious stones, he ordered them to be disembowelled and the precious stones taken from their intestines.

Sultan Moulay Ismail of Morocco was fond of indulging in the sport of cutting off the heads of his slaves with his own hand. In his life, he chopped off three hundred and sixty heads. One day, while he was busily engaged in this bloody sport, he received the Ambassador from Lous XIV. He welcomed the distinguished envoy with his hands dripping with blood. His harem was so populous that he had thirty-one children born to him in six weeks! However, his cruelty and excessive sexuality did not prevent him from being highly religious minded.

Humayun, the Bahmini Sultan of Deccan, was so much feared that when anybody went to meet him he used to make up his will and bid farewell to his wife and children. In the words of his historian, "The fire of his rage blazed up in such a way, that it burned up land and water."

A king of Gujarat put to the sword an unlucky fellow for the crime of killing a bird, for this king was a great devotee of Mahavira, the apostle of non-violence!

Aurangzeb's Subedar of Gujarat had the beard and moustache of his newswriter plucked and thrown to the winds because he reported to the Emperor that the Subedar was holding court when he was intoxicated.

When contrasted with such ghastly deeds, the kindness of some merciful monarchs affords welcome relief. Ashoka built hospitals even for birds; he was the first to care for birds. Humayun, Akbar's father, seated the fisherman who had saved him on his throne for a day and allowed him to issue firmans and mint coins.

Feroz Tughlak provided for the marriage of the poor and the unemployed by granting marriage allowances. His example was followed by Nur Jehan, who freely gave away money for the marriage of orphaned Muslim girls. During her years of power and glory she financed the marriage of 500 girls.

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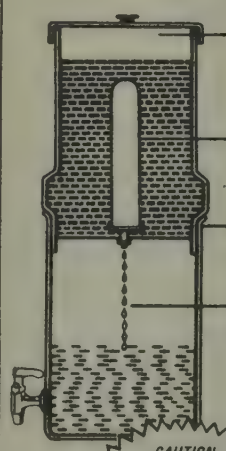
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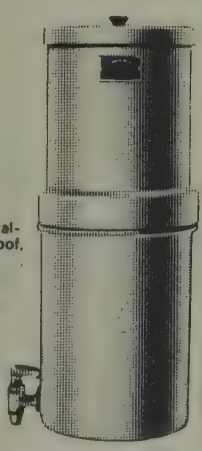

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GRAMASEVIKA: SUPERB ACHIEVER

A remarkable woman who has achieved a unique record of service and won the National Award as the Best Gramasevika of India

"Kasthuri"

The tall, simple and frail looking Miss Manickam did not impress me at first sight when I met her at her residence in Kancheepuram on her selection for the National award of "the Best Gramasevika of India for 1974-1975" by the Central Government. It carries with it a cash prize of Rs. 5,000 apart from a citation. But I came out after the interview with an indelible imprint left by her remarkable achievements in her field of service.

Miss Manickam, now 37, hails from Valathottam, a tiny village near Kancheepuram and belongs to a comfortably placed agricultural family. Those were days when women's education was totally opposed by elders, but Manickam, even as a little girl, vehemently fought with her parents and succeeded in persuading them to put her in a school. During her school days she always moved with the poorer students and derived a sense of satisfaction whenever she could be of any help to them. This nature grew with her and assumed great proportions and when she completed her school final she decided to devote her life entirely to the cause of village development. After serving for some time as the first teacher in the balwadi (preparatory school) that was established in her own village in 1962, she proceeded to Bhavanisagar near Coimbatore to get herself trained as a gramasevika.

Having worked as a gramasevika attached to the Panchayat Unions of Vikkiravandi, Olakkur and Kurinjipadi after the training, Miss Manickam has been serving the Kancheepuram Panchayat Union since 1972.

"What are the duties of a gramasevika?"

"Well . . . A gramasevika is expected to educate the rural masses, especially the womenfolk, on hygiene, pre- and post-delivery care, child welfare, nutrition, tailoring, house-keeping, treatment of leprosy and other allied subjects. But personally I feel that these can very well be enlarged by a gramasevika, if she has the will to serve people."

Though she gets a fixed salary for her services, Manickam does not work for the money as her family's financial position allows her to lead a comfortable life without her earning a paisa. But she shuns all the comforts of life. She does not even stay with her parents for fear that the facilities they provide her may corrupt the philosophy of life she holds so dear, and stand in the way of her continuing her services for the rural women. She lives in a rented room wherever she is posted and the landlord,

Manickam on her moped to serve the villagers

when he comes to know of her services, promptly refuses to collect any rent for her stay. Miss Manickam seems to be very much moved by such gestures and says that the cooperation and encouragement extended by the people is the tonic which keeps her always fit and ready to do her best. She owns a bicycle and a Suvega moped which serve her as the main modes of conveyance to reach the interior parts of the villages where she has to work.

The gramasevikas are required to achieve a fixed target in each field of their activities. But these targets set by the authorities pose no problem to Miss Manickam because her achievements have always surpassed the targets by a very great margin. A quick perusal of the following table carrying a sample of her achievements will show how richly she deserves to get the National Award.

Particulars	Target	Achievement
Kitchen gardens newly established	120	2100
Women trained in better agricultural practice	200	1680
Meetings organised to popularise Family Planning	12	1050
Holding of demonstration for better nutrition methods	24	6300
New washing places laid out	50	1680
Tailoring courses conducted	50	3840
Number of visits to balwadis	24	360
Females made literate	50	350

When I started the topic of her marriage during the conversation she intervened to say, "No please. I do not think of marriage. I will never accept any personal change or privilege if I think that they stand even one millionth of a chance to draw me away from my social work, and for me marriage is one such thing."

Along with the National Award she was the automatic choice for the Tamil Nadu State Award too, for the year 1974-1975 and the Lions Club has paid high tributes to her selfless services at an exclusively got up function. Manickam, popularly known as 'Akka' (sister), is a household name in all the villages in and around Kancheepuram and she is held in high esteem by one and all.

But one thing is certain. All these awards, cash prizes, encomiums, tributes, etc. have not gone to her head, and upset her balance. She continues to remain cool and calm, riding her Suvega, reaching out to places in search of people to be helped

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INDIRA SABHANEY :

A MOTHER TO THE BLIND

Pushpa Hans

They worship her, they love her, they look forward to her daily visits, for Indira Sabhaney is in love with a cause — the cause of the blind. She is untiring in her efforts and completely dedicated.

Wife of the technical head of the Indian Air Force, she has a lot of social obligations, but the hectic activity and the glamour of her social life do not deflect her from working with missionary zeal in alleviating the sufferings of this neglected segment of society. She knows that the magnitude of the work she has undertaken is vast, but she also knows that she has to "to go on with it." Going to the Blind Relief Association is a ritual, so is reading to the boys and girls, and making them "see" many things. She does not limit her work to the Association only. At home she records text-books and other reading material on tapes. Conscious of the prohibitive cost of getting books in Braille, she has undertaken the stupendous task of doing Braille transcriptions herself.

"It was difficult to start with, but now I am fluent with Braille," she says. With the help of Braille writing machines, a major part or her day is spent in writing books. In the past two years she has transcribed 15 English text-books and a large number of articles and papers. Not only has she helped the blind with her personalised and loving service but her great contribution has been to involve others of her social circle to devote their spare time to the cause of the blind. "I am pleasantly surprised at the large number who have joined the Association," she says. Not only has she managed to involve her friends and relatives here, but she has even persuaded many living abroad to contribute substantially to help the Association.

At the Association she has just started her "Touch & Tell" museum. The models include stuffed birds and animals which the blind can learn to identify with a touch. She is trying to tape the sounds of their cries also so that the moment a student touches the animal or bird he can also hear the sound of its cry and identify both. She is now working zealously on a programme of modernising, training and also on vocational training for the blind during holidays.

A Swiss by birth, she speaks fluent Urdu and Hindi. Indira came to India to get married to a young Air Force officer whom she had met in London. Now a mother of two grown-up children, "who do not need much looking after," she is channelising all her energies to help the blind.

An excellent cook, Indira is a wizard at — yes you have guessed it — Swiss confectionery. She keeps a lovely home with many objets d'art collected from their various postings. On big occasions her little students taste her lovely delicacies. To her, assisting the blind has become "a way of life."

A HOME MADE SOLAR COOKER

Shoukath Ahmed

Cut your fuel bills drastically by making for yourself this simple solar cooker, and you won't have to bother about the food getting burnt either

Ever dreamed of cooking meals for your family without spending a paisa on fuel? A German scientist in India has brought this dream to reality with a simple device that harnesses our abundant sunshine to cook all your food or heat water for your home.

Called the "Sun Basket", the simple and inexpensive basket-like solar cooker was designed and developed recently by Dr. M. Von Oppen, working at the International Crop Research Institute for Semi-Arid Tropics (ICRISAT), Hyderabad. Shaped like a bamboo "tokra," the appliance works by focussing the sun's rays at a spot and concentrated solar heat is employed to cook anything and save money — rice for example in 15 minutes flat, dal or chicken curry in 20 minutes. Five minutes is all it takes you to boil a litre of water using the basket. The cooker enables you to prepare a full meal of six dishes for eight to ten persons in just two to three hours. The best use of the basket can be made between 7 a.m. and 4 p.m. as Dr. Oppen found on sunny days in Hyderabad.

The apparatus consists of a parabolic type of basket and three poles, tied with a small rope. The basket, which is the vital part of the set, is made out of bamboo and smoothened inside with a special papier mache. The papier mache and the basket are formed over a precise paraboloid made from plaster of paris. Although the dimensions of the basket may vary, the one used by the inventor had a diameter of 1.4 metres and a focal point at about 20 centimetres from its centre. This is ideal for all purposes.

Make the papier mache the easy way by boiling into a pulp a simple mixture of wheat flour, the leafy vegetable methi, and shredded waste paper in a proportion of two, one and five kilogrammes respectively. This should suffice to be applied as a layer one centimetre thick over the paraboloid mould. Leave it to dry. In about two or three days the papier mache will get firmly attached to the basket.

Line the smooth inner surface of the basket with silver foil, pasting the paper carefully with the aid of wheat flour glue. You have thus formed a parabolic mirror capable of reflecting the sun's rays to its focal point, precisely where you have to keep the cooking vessel. What remains now to complete your solar cooker is to arrange the basket over some support points like for instance bamboo sticks or bricks or stones, about 60 centimetres apart, so that it remains firmly located at any desired angle, about 40 centimetres above the ground. Then erect a tripod of bamboo poles to suspend the vessel with a rope from its apex over the basket.

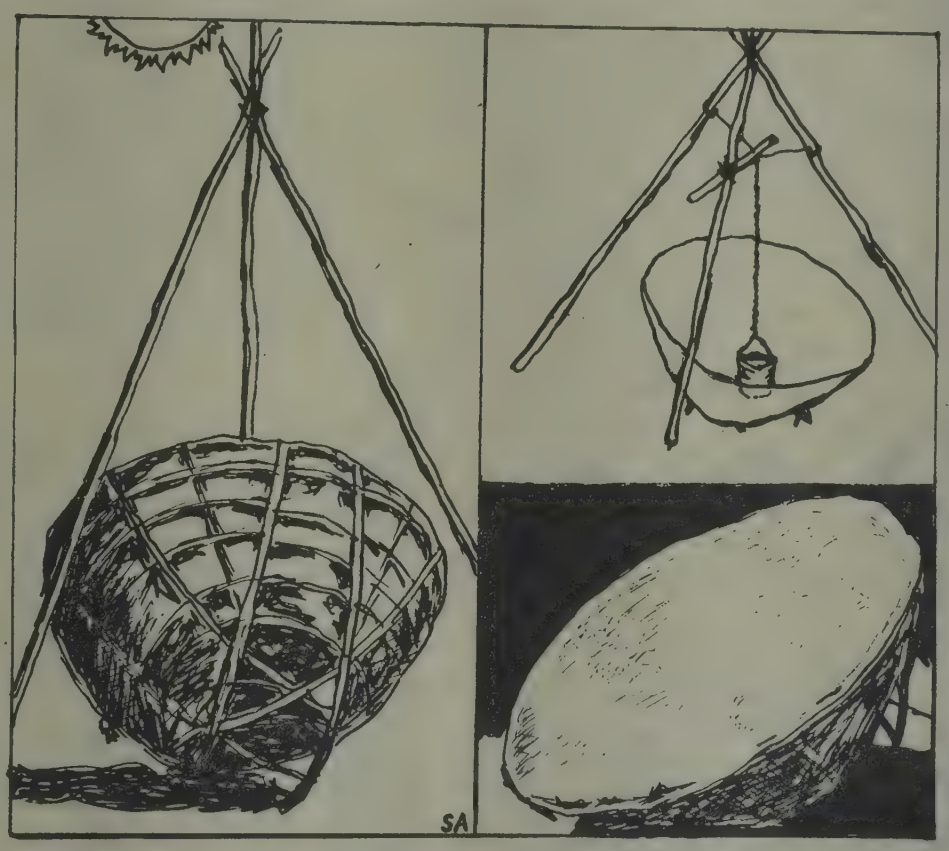
shown by Dr. Oppen in his model.

Cooking with conventional fuels needs constant stirring to keep the food from being scorched, but not so with the sun basket wherein the vessel gets heated evenly on its entire surface to give this advantage. A caution to the cook: Handle the basket carefully as it is quite delicate. And you will do well to use sun glasses while operating the cooker to prevent possible damage to eyes that comes by gazing at the sunshine inside the basket, fascinating though the light may appear.

It didn't take more than Rs. 50 for Dr. Oppen to make his sun basket and it shouldn't cost you more either. If you are prepared to spend a little more to acquire a ready made solar cooker and save the bother of constructing one yourself (actually it isn't a bother to a resourceful housewife), a London returned Hyderabad entrepreneur makes this possible for you.

The sun basket is a boon to urban housewives groaning under the burden of mounting fuel costs and most ideal for our villages to help conserve scarce natural feuls. It is time we popularised such cheap and reliable solar devices in a tropical country like ours where sunshine is plentiful for most part of the year but goes untapped because we have sadly neglected exploiting a powerful source of free energy like the sun.

Remember, for peak performance of your cooker, the cooking pot has to remain well at the focus of the properly directed sun basket. This pre-supposes hour-to-hour and day-to-day solar tracking by the user of the gadget for adjusting the tilt to the variation in intensity and direction of solar radiation, in order that maximum solar energy during the operating hours of the day is tapped. The cooking utensil with a shiny interior should be blackened on the outside for better absorption of heat. On the basis of concentration patterns, it is for the housewife, however, to determine the optimal shape and size of the container in relation to the basket so she can achieve the order of efficiency



The sun basket: (left) rear view, (right) reflecting surface, (top) arrangement of the cooking vessel.

Devi

The annual July star birthdays were celebrated like last year and the year before — Neetu Singh's producers inviting the press to witness the cake cutting on the sets at the Holiday Inn and then cancelling the function without giving any particular reason. It happened last year too. Last year, they gave an excuse of food poisoning. This year I suppose, they did not want to reveal that she was nursing the hangover of the birthday eve party thrown by Rishi Kapoor at Oberoi.

SANJEEV'S LAST BACHELOR BIRTHDAY ?

I think there is no immediate threat to the smooth-sailing Chintu-Neetu romance, unless of course, Chintu suddenly gets very successful. The entire Kapoor khandan is praying for Chintu's success and hopes he will change for the better (better gal) after success. After all, with a single hit like "Bobby", did he not ditch his Parsee-German date of seven years?

Then, Sanjeev Kumar once again fooled himself that his birth is the nation's pride and should be celebrated as a national event. The birthday invitation described in detail the memorable current events in his life, e.g. "The birth of another Jariwala" (a second son to his brother), like the Nehrus, and Gandhis. But among Jariwalas we have only one headline member — Sanjeev. The rest bask happily in his glory. Then his crop of awards (understandable pride this).

The third event was the possibility of his losing his bachelorhood by next year. Sanjeev sincerely believes he is the most eligible bachelor of India. So it would again mean a real national event. Folks who gatecrashed, together with the two thousand invitees, for booze, food, star darshan and a glimpse of India's future luckiest wife, could not even get a glimpse of the birthday boy on the last lap of his bachelorhood.

Zoomer Ganguly, that namkeen Delhi starlet, was tipped the "sure filly" candidate for the bride. I did not go as I was not invited and I knew Haribhai would not find a bride that night.

people and events

RIGHT: Dr. M. H. Keswani, (ext-left) in-charge of the Burns Operation Theatre at the Bai Jerbai Wadia Hospital speaking to Mr. B. G. Deshmukh, Bombay's Municipal Commissioner, (centre) who inaugurated the theatre. Looking on is Dr. R. A. Irani, the Dean.

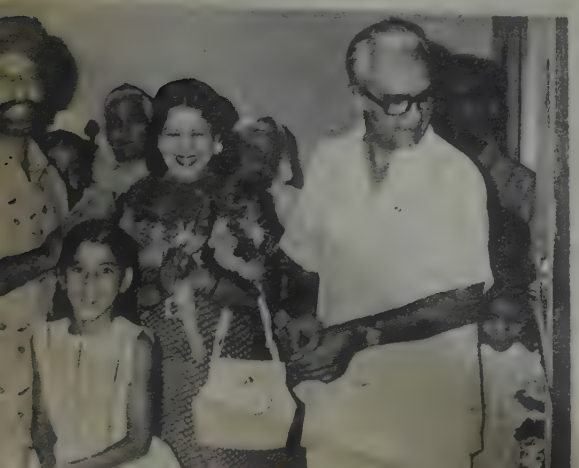
Mrs. Subramaniam Swamy receives an appreciation award on behalf of Dr. Subramaniam Swamy from the World Chairman of Giants International, Mr. Nana Chudasama, at a reception in Bombay, to felicitate delegates of the Friends of the India Society International, of which Dr. Swamy is the President.

Mrs. Meena Chandra (left) with customers at her exhibition of clothes held in Calcutta recently.

Seen at the inauguration of the Madras Midtown Ladies Circle are from left, Sujatha Venkateswaran, vice chairman, Rukmani Sivaram, treasurer, chief guest Lily Thomas, president, Y.W.C.A., Margaret Sekharan, president, Ladies' Circle, India, Minnie Frederick, chairman and Girija Suresh, secretary.

ABOVE: At the Spencer's Cool Sips Ball held at the West End Hotel, Bangalore, Cheryl Ann White was crowned Spencer's Queen.

Mrs. Leena Chowdhury (3rd from left) and her daughter Reena, (2nd from left) exhibited their paintings at Pune. Mr. Atur Sangtani, (ext. right) inaugurated the exhibition. Mr. S. S. Chowdhury is at ext. left.



LEFT: Mr. Dhananjay Thaker, dramatist, (centre) inaugurated the arangetral mahotsav of Nrityabharti, Ahmedabad. Picture shows the students of the school with Mrs. Elakshi Thakore (to his left), the director of the school.

bombay

At a press conference, Mr. Vijay Merchant, President of the Society for Reconstructive Surgery, Rehabilitation and Research, announced that the 3R Society will soon open the first skin bank in India, at the Bai Jerbai Wadia Hospital.

The 3R Society also opened a Burns Operation Theatre so that burn patients could get immediate attention and treatment, at the Wadia Hospital. It was inaugurated by Mr. B. G. Deshmukh, Municipal Commissioner.

The 3R Society has been arranging annual education programmes on leprosy and burns for the past seven years. It has also rehabilitated many leprosy and burns patients.

delhi

Another eventful chapter was written in the history of Indian mountaineering when a women's expedition led by Meena Agarwal reached the summit of Kamet (25,447 ft), the highest point in the Himalayas to be attained by women. At a press conference, Meena Agarwal told newsmen that Kamet was a beautiful mountain and the success was due to the efforts and cooperation of every member of the team. The five member team included Miss Thrity Birdy, Miss Chandra Prabha Aitwal, Miss Bharati Bannerji, Miss Rekha Sharma and Mrs. Najma S. Mamdani.

calcutta

Mrs. Sharda Mukherjee, Governor of Andhra Pradesh, and Mrs. Padma Khastigar and Mrs. Manjula Bose, both judges of the Calcutta High Court, were felicitated at a reception given by the Women's Council. Mrs. Joan Dias, patroness of the council, inaugurated the function, and spoke of the achievements of the three distinguished women.

Mrs. Mukherjee said self confidence played a big role in a woman's life by helping her to earn her rightful place in society. The first two women judges of the Calcutta High Court stressed the responsibilities of women in building the nation.

* * *

Renowned sitarist Joya Biswas and sarod player Ustad Bahadur Khan performed their first ever-Sitar-Sarod duet recital for an extremely receptive audience. Held at the Maharashtra Nivas Hall, the programme was presented by the Calcutta School of Music's Indian Music Circle.

Mrs. Joan Dias inaugurated the Tailoring Training Centre at the Sainik Bhavan. This is a service project undertaken by the Lioness Club of Calcutta (Park Street) for the families and dependants of ex-servicemen.

The ceremony was attended by a large number of military and government officials and members of various Lion Clubs.

madras

The Madras Midtown Ladies circle was inaugurated by Mrs. Lily Thomas, National President of the Y.W.C.A. at an impressive function at Hotel Woodlands, at which Mrs. Margaret Sekharan, President of the Ladies Circle, India, was present.

* * *

The Madras Press Club and the U.S.I.S. held a panel discussion, on the "Pros and cons of socially responsible journalism," led by Dr. John C. Merrill, Professor of Journalism, University of Missouri, at the American Cultural Centre. The panelists were, Mr. V. P. V. Rajan, Editor, The Mail and Dr. K. E. Eapen, Head of the Department of Communities, Bangalore University. Mr. K. Balaraman, President, Madras Press Club, welcomed the gathering.

pune

Mother and daughter exhibited their paintings at the Balgandharva Rangmandir, Pune. Mrs. Leena Chowdhary exhibited her nine-year-old daughter, Reena Chowdhary's paintings, with her own.

Reena has won many prizes for painting. Recently she won the 1st prize in the "On the Spot Drawing Competition" sponsored by the Rotaract Club of Poona, at Wadia College, and in the Pune Zilla Parishad Drawing competition, Children's Day, 1976.

kerala

A two day free Medical Camp for the deaf and dumb will be conducted here by the Kottayam Jaycees with the co-operation of the All-India Institute of Speech and Hearing, Mysore and MGDM Hospital, Kanzhara. Mr. P. K. Alexander, Jaycee President, said that more than 30 dotcors, speech therapists and psychologists from the Institute and Hospital will attend this Camp, the first of its type conducted in Trivandrum.

* * *

In order to help the needy who cannot afford to undergo plastic surgery, the Lions' Club has started a plastic surgery project. Dr. Vinod Kumaran, expert on plastic surgery and a member of the club, and Dr. A. K. Sreedharan, conduct the operations.

* * *

The Greater Cochin Development Authority has completed the construction of a working women's hostel in the Ernakulam North Project area of the Authority. Costing about Rs. 13.5 lakhs, the hostel can accommodate 200 persons. The authority proposes to entrust the management of the Hostel to Social Service organisations.

* * *

The Kerala Government has reconstituted the State Social Welfare Board with Mrs. Indira Ramakrishna Pillai as Chairman. The term of the new 15-member Board will be two years, and its other members are; Annie Thayyil, Leelamma Joseph, Vijaya S. Nair, C. Sathyabhama, Khadija Mohideen, Devaki Warrier, K. L. Kamalakshy, Molly Eapen, Leela Damodara Menon, P. N. Menon, Meenakshi Ramakrishnan, Achamma Cyriac and Radha Achad Karthyani Amma.

* * *

The Calicut Jaycettes have organised a tailoring and handicrafts centre for imparting training to deserving girls. The Centre was inaugurated by Mrs. Thankam Nair, wife of the District Collector Mr. K. T. Nair.

Mrs. Thankam Nair said that this training would enable girls to earn their living. She congratulated the Jaycettes for organising such programmes.

* * *

Under the auspices of the Jaycettes Club, vitamin pills were distributed free to about 80 TB patients of the Government General Hospital Clinic.

Mrs. Ramani Menon, Chairman of the Jaycettes gave the Headmistress of the local Fisheries School free textbooks and notebooks for more than 100 students.

bangalore

Miss Selvie Das, Principal of the V. H. D. Institute of Home Science, has been appointed acting Director of Collegiate Education for Karnataka.

* * *

A cookery contest-cum-exhibition organised by the Karnataka Consumers' Forum, Bangalore, found enthusiastic public response. Mrs. M. R. Lakshamma, Chairman of the Forum, welcomed the guests.

The photograph which appeared in our July 9 issue, was taken at the inauguration of Gulestan's exhibition of handicrafts. The error is regretted.

world of eve

SHARBATI DEVI JAIN

Mrs. Sharbati Devi Jain is an example of how an almost uneducated widow, with practically no resources, can make her and her community's life meaningful. The Sharbati Jain Girls High School in Sadhaura, Ambala, the first primary school in the region, was started by her with a loan of Rs. 250 from her brother, in a vacant Dharamshala. The school got going with 16 girls learning the alphabet, needle-work and cooking, and is now a sprawling High School.

Two years ago, attempts to start a local Degree college were failing for lack of funds. When asked for help, Mrs. Jain unclasped her only piece of jewellery, a gold chain, and put it on the table. The result: Rs. 45,000 was collected on the spot and the College started.

Mrs. Sharbati Jain occupies no post in the school's management, yet she is its guiding force. She collects funds for it and on her own buys books and pays fees for poor girls who are unable to get a freeship. Little wonder then that this child-widow is now called Mataji by everyone — from little girls to teachers and members of the management.

LAKSHMI SADANAND

It was only after marriage that Mrs. Lakshmi Sadanand took up a job (with a foreign airlines) and started learning Hindustani music seriously. She began giving public performances after six months of her training. A Delhi childhood inspired her love for Hindustani music, in which she follows the Khirana Gharana. "Since Hindustani music is not very popular in Tamil Nadu, it is difficult to get the music sabhas there interested," she complains.

As announcer on AIR, Delhi, she had written and produced Hindi plays. In Madras, she has acted on the Tamil stage and in radio plays. A linguist, she can speak Hindi, Tamil, English, Bengali, Telugu, Punjabi and Urdu.

"The encouragement from my husband and in-laws is behind my success on both fronts," she says.

hi ya honey!

A NEVER-DO-IT-YOURSELF MAN

DON'T ASK ME TO REPAIR ANYTHING! I CAN'T EVEN REPAIR THE DENTS IN MY OWN MARRIAGE

By an Alves called Johnnie

I write this seated on a chair that wobbles and needs fixing and am busy thinking of those do-it-yourself guys who take such tasks as fixing a wobbling chair in their stride. There are some folk who can "do-it-yourself" and others who just cannot. I belong to the latter category and my wife has a poor opinion of me. I look around and notice the curtain rod hanging at an angle and the tap dripping drop by drop as a constant rebuke to my inability to fix it. Wherever I go there is something or the other rebuking me — the unpainted pelmet, the unplastered wall, the mincer with the broken clamp, and an assorted array of china waiting to be gummed together.

After relentless encouragement from the wife, and even a gift of a do-it-yourself kit, I have failed to master the mysteries of screwing two planks together, or painting a wall. I belong to the tribe of ungifted folk who don't know why one needs two wires to carry an electric current. Show me a screwdriver and I suddenly get a headache. I feel sleepy when someone hands me a paint brush. My wife puts it down as laziness, but I think we non-do-it-yourself guys have a simple built-in-safety device to protect us.

Goodness knows I try, but how come the bloke next door hits a nail in the wall on his first attempt and hangs his wife's photo? When I do it half the plaster falls off or nail after nail flies off on to the floor. Somehow when I want to hit a nail into the wall, I always get a wall where the plaster crumbles down, or it's so tough, the nails bend into my thumb. I have marks of the screwdriver on my left hand fingers.

My wife told me the other day that the car was making queer noises and asked me to fix it. I accepted what I thought was a challenge and worked on the car for a full day. At the end of it all, every part in the car made a sound except the horn. Because of my expert handling of the flush system, the water gushes down the pipe, making a sound resembling a giant gargling and floods the floor. My little son sharpens his pencil while reading a book. When I attempt it, there is a never ending stream of lead bits flying off with each stroke of the blade.

I had the same trouble in school with problems such as "If A can fill a tub full of water in 3 hours using a bucket with a capacity of one and a half gallons and B takes 2 hours using a bucket holding 2 gallons, how long would J take if he had a bucket holding just one gallon?" My answer was that J (Johnnie) generally never finished the job, because it was just his bad luck to have a hole in the bucket.

Only once was I able to achieve success. Our T.V. suddenly went dead. I made a brave attempt to look for loose wires and valves, pressed everything in its socket under the disbelieving eyes of the wife and the children. I even mumbled some unintelligent inaudible sounds of electronic education and then gave the T. V. set a gentle tap, remembering my dad's radio that came on only when it was given a vigorous shake.

The T. V. suddenly came to life, and there was our beloved Minister talking away and gesticulating for all his worth in true Italian style. We thoroughly enjoyed the programme, for although we could see the Minister, we could not hear him. I had not succeeded with the sound system.

I am a real never-do-it-yourself man and God's gift to my neighbour. How else could he show off to my wife?

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF AUGUST 6, 1977

THE SEARCH FOR PRESIDENT

August 6 is "election" day

REVIEWED :

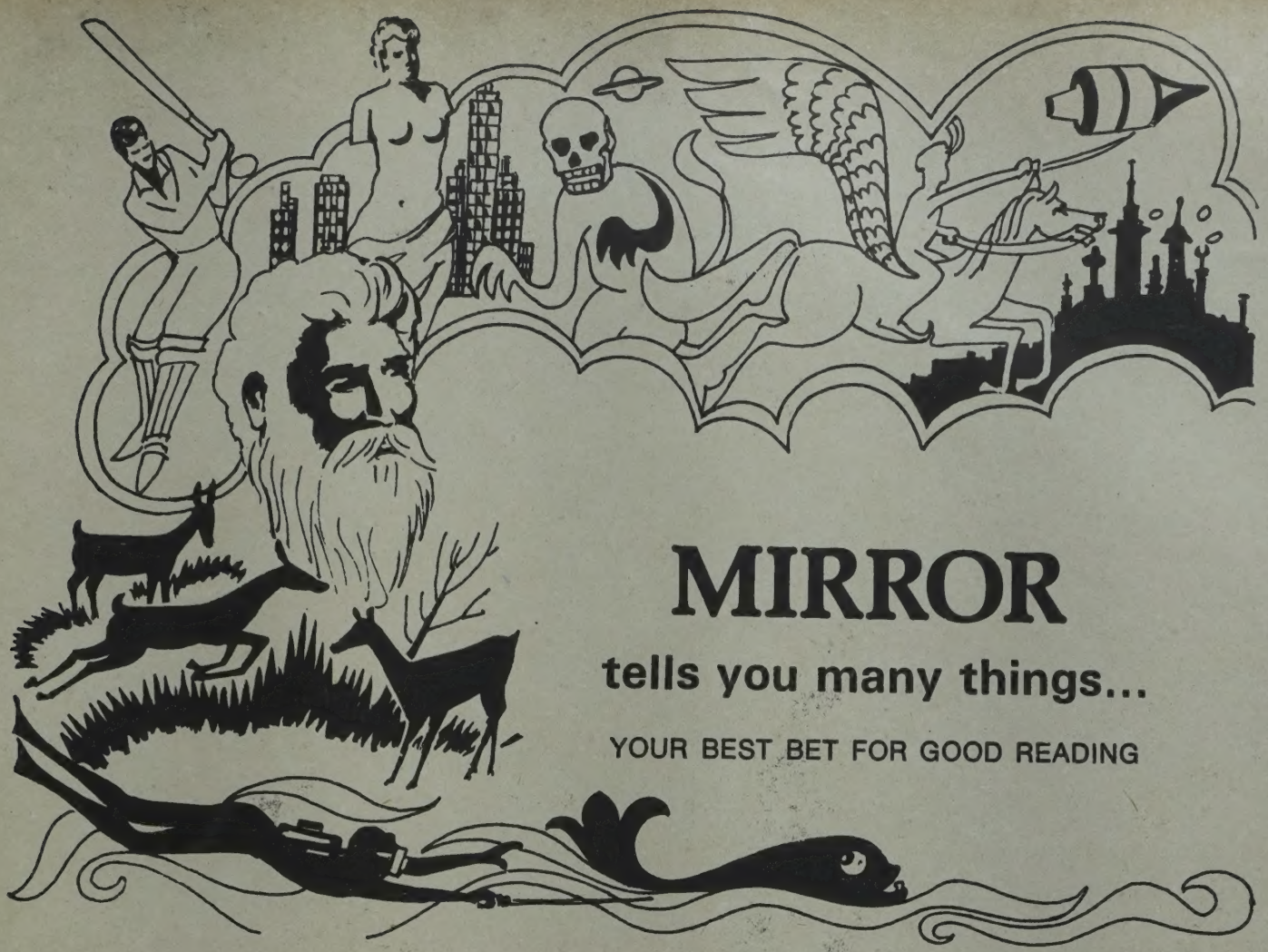
Nayantara Sahgal's "A Situation in Delhi", soon to be released in India.

APRON STRINGS :

A discussion on whether Indians are mother-obsessed

THE STORY ENDS :

The concluding chapter of Denise Robins' "Dark Corridor"



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